



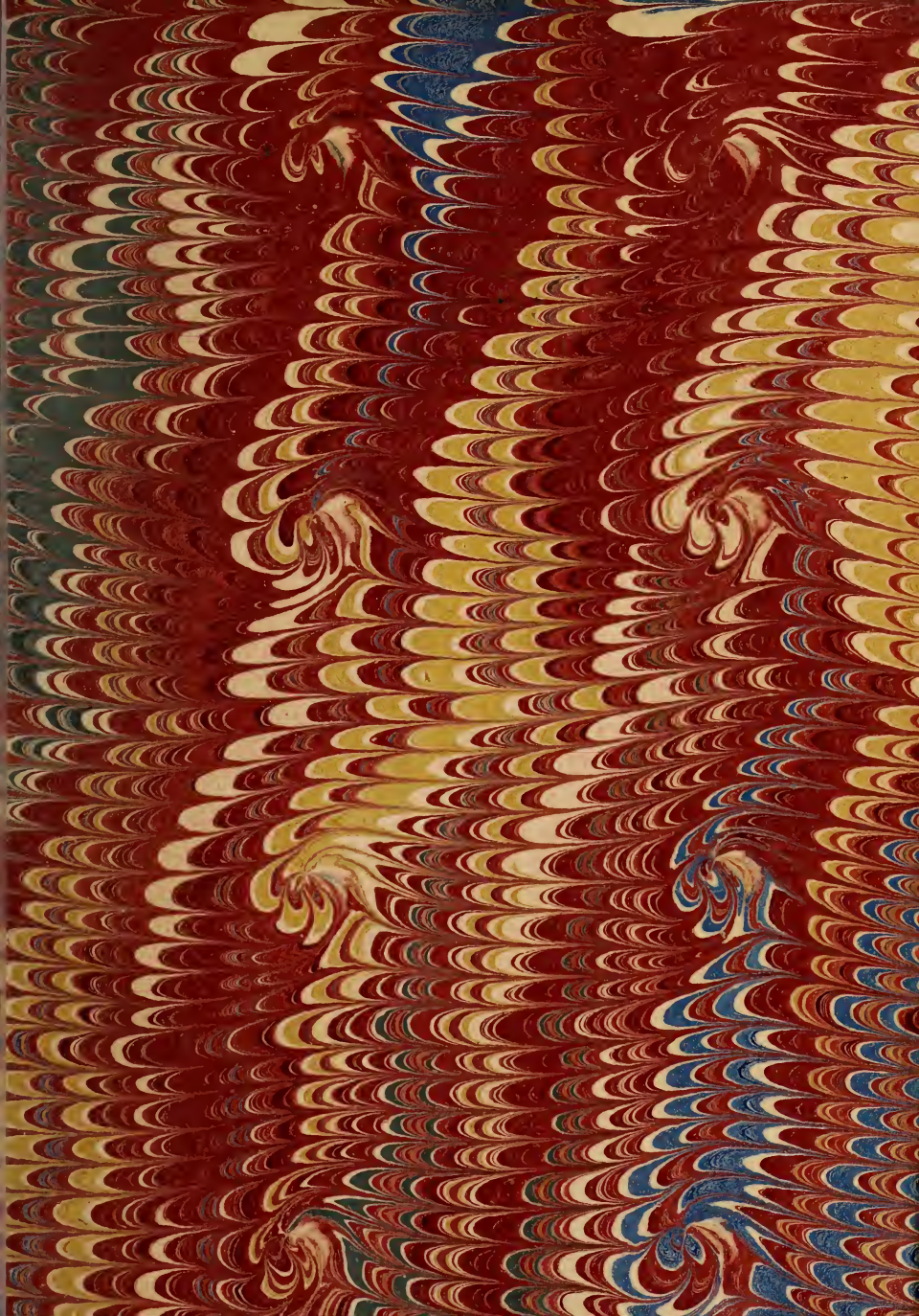


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William Holgate.





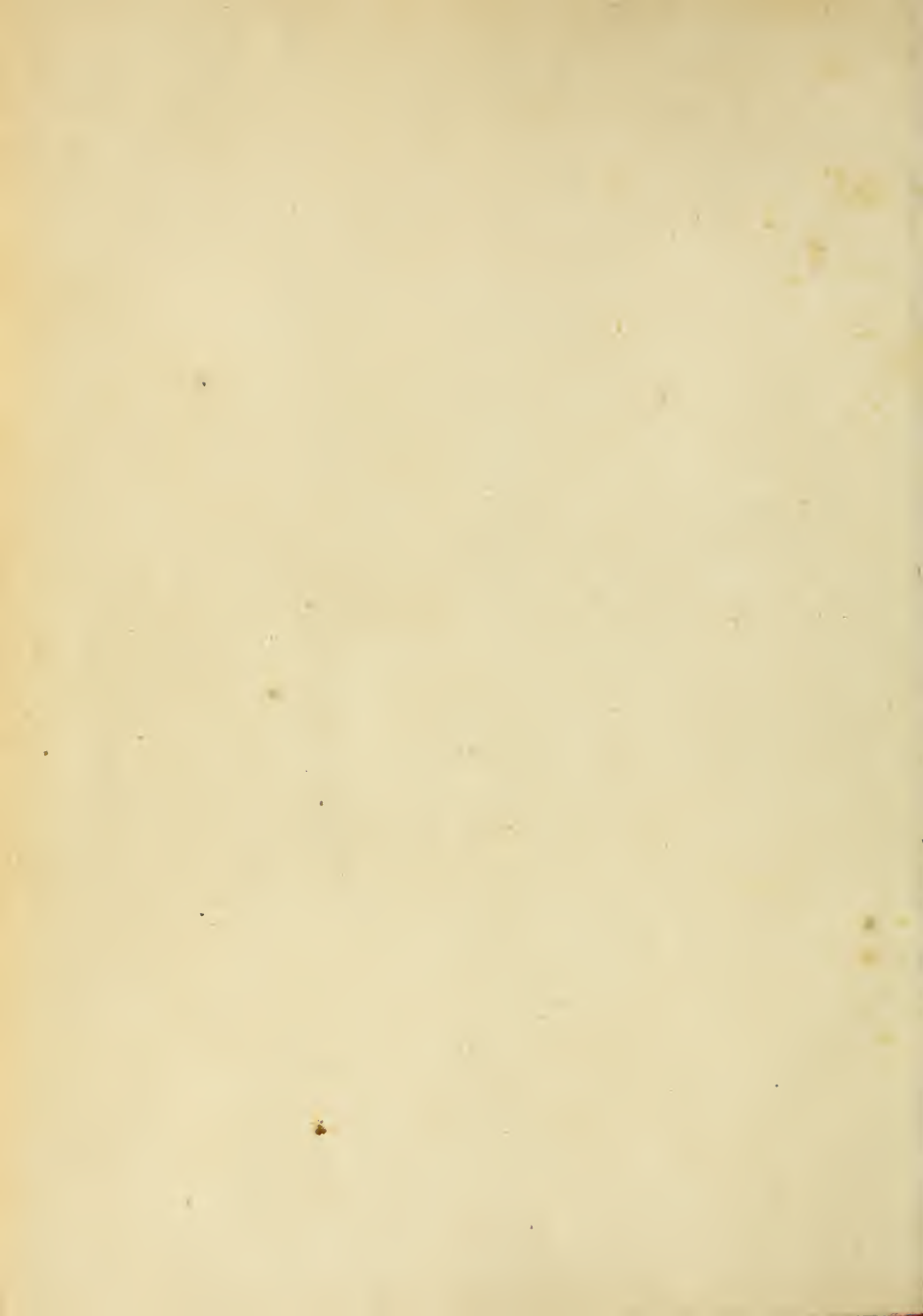






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# THE Widdovves Teares

*A*  
Comedie.

As it was often presented in the blacke  
and white Friers.

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*Written by*  
GEOR. CHAP.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for *Iohn Browne*, and are to be sold at his shop  
in Fleet-street in Saint *Dunstons* Church-yard.

1 6 1 2.

149,579





To the right Vertuous and truly  
noble Gentleman, M<sup>r</sup> IO. REED  
of Mitton, in the Countie of Glo-  
cester Esquire.

**S**IR, if any worke of this nature be worth the  
presenting to Friends worthie, and Noble;  
I presume this, will not want much of that  
value. Other Countrie men haue thought  
the like worthie of Dukes and Princes acce-  
ptations; Iniusti sdegnij; Il Pentamento Amorose;  
Calisthe, Pastor fido, &c. (all being but plaies) were all  
dedicate to Princes of Italie. And therefore only discourse  
to shew my loue to your right vertuous and noble disposition;  
This poor Comedie (of many desired to see printed) I thought  
not vitterly vnworthie that affectionate designe in me: well  
knowing that your free iudgement weighs nothing by the  
Name, or Forme; or any vaine estimation of the vulgar;  
but will accept acceptable matter, as well in Plaies; as in  
many lesse materialls, masking in more serious Titles.  
And so, till some worke more worthie I can select, and per-  
fect, out of my other Studies, that may better expresse me;  
and more fit the grauitie of your ripe inclination, I rest.

Yours at all parts most truly  
affected.

GEO. CHAPMAN.



## The Actors.

*Tharsalio the wooer.*

*Lysander his brother.*

*Thir. Gouvernour of Cyprus.*

*Lycas ser. to the widdow Countesse.*

*Argus, Gent. Vsher.*

3. *Lords suiters to Endora the widdow  
Countesse.*

*Hyl. Nephew to Tharsalio, and Sonne  
to Lysander.*

*Captaine of the watch.*

2. *Souldiers.*

*Endora the widdow Countesse.*


*Cynthia, wife to Lysander.*

*Sthenio.*

*Ianthe Gent. attending on Endora.*

*Ero, waiting woman to Cynthia.*





# The VViddowes Teares.

## A COMEDIE.

### *Actus Primi.*

#### *Scœna Prima.*

**THARSALIO** *Solus, with a Glasse in his hand  
making readie.*

**T**How blinde imperfect Goddesse, that delights  
(Like a deepe-reaching Statesman) to conuerse  
Only with Fooles : Iealous of knowing spirits ;  
For feare their piercing Iudgements might discouer  
Thy inward weaknesse, and despise thy power ;  
Contemne thee for a Goddesse ; Thou that lad'st  
Th'vnworthy Asse with gold ; while worth and merit  
Serue thee for nought ; (weake Fortune) I renounce  
Thy vaine dependance, and conuert my dutie  
And sacrifices of my sweetest thoughts,  
To a more Noble Deitie. Sole friend to worth,  
And Patronesse of all good Spirits, *Confidence.*  
Shee be my Guide , and hers the praise of these  
My worthie vndertakings.

*Enter Lysander with a Glasse in his hand, Cyn-  
thia, Hylus, Ero.*

**Lysand.** **M**orrow Brother ; Not readie yet ?  
**Thar.** No ; I haue somewhat of the Brother in me ;

*The Widdowes Teares.*

I dare say, your Wife is many times readie, and you not vp.  
Saue you sister; how, are you enamoured of my presence?  
how like you my aspect?

*Cynth.* Faith no worse then I did last weeke, the weather  
has nothing chang'd the graine of your complexion.

*Thar.* A firme prooffe, 'tis in graine, and so are not all  
complexions.

A good Souldiers face Sister.

*Cynth.* Made to be worne vnder a Beuer.

*Thar.* I, and 'twould shew well enough vnder a maske  
too.

*Lysand.* So much for the face.

*Thar.* But is there no obiekt in this suite to whet your  
tongue vpon?

*Lysand.* None, but Fortune send you well to weare it: for  
shee best knowes how you got it.

*Thar.* Faith, 'tis the portion shee bestowes vpon yonger  
Brothers, valour, and good clothes: Marry, if you aske how  
we come by this new suite, I must take time to answere it:  
for as the Ballad saies, in written Bookes I find it. Brother  
these are the blossomes of spirit: and I will haue it said for  
my Fathers honour, that some of his children were truly  
begotten.

*Lysand.* Not all?

*Thar.* Shall I tell you brother that I know will reioyce  
you? my former suites haue been all spenders, this shall be  
a speeder.

*Lysand.* A thing to bee heartily wisht; but brother, take  
heede you be not gull'd, be not too forward.

*Thar.* 'T had bene well for me, if you had follow'd that  
counsaile: You were too forward when you stept into the  
world before me, and gull'd me of the Land, that my spi-  
rits and parts were indeede borne too.

*Cynth.* May we not haue the blessing to know the aime of  
your fortunes, what coast, for heauens loue?

*Thar.* Nay, 'tis a proiect of State: you may see the prepa-  
ration; but the designe lies hidden in the brests of the wise.

*Lysand.*



*Lyfand.* May we not know't?

*Thar.* Not vnlesse you'le promise mee to laugh at it; for without your applause, Ile none.

*Lyfand.* The qualitie of it may bee such as a laugh will not be ill bestow'd vpon't; pray heauen I call not *Arface* sister.

*Cynth.* What? the Pandresse?

*Thar.* Know you (as who knowes not) the exquisite Ladie of the Palace? The late Gouvernours admired Widdow? The rich and haughtie Countesse *Eudora*? Were not shee a Iewell worth the wearing, if a man knew how to win her?

*Lyfand.* How's that? how's that?

*Thar.* Brother, there is a certaine Goddesse called *Confidence*, that carries a maine stroke in honourable preferences. Fortune waits vpon her; *Cupid* is at her becke; shee sends them both of errands. This Deitie doth promise me much assistance in this businesse.

*Lyfand.* But if this Deitie should draw you vp in a basket to your Countesses window, and there let you hang for all the wits in the Towne to shoot at: how then?

*Thar.* If shee doe, let them shoote their bolts and spare not: I haue a little Bird in a Cage here that sings me better comfort. What should be the barre? you'le say, I was Page to the Count her husband. What of that? I haue thereby one foote in her fauour alreadie; Shee has taken note of my spirit, and suruaid my good parts, and the picture of them liues in her eie: which sleepe, I know, can not close, till shee haue embrac't the substance.

*Lyfand.* All this fauors of the blind Goddesse you speake of.

*Thar.* Why should I despaire, but that *Cupid* hath one dart in store for her great Ladiship, as well as for any other huge Ladie, whom she hath made stoope Gallant, to kisse their worthie followers. In a word, I am assured of my speede. Such faire attempts led by a braue resolute, are euermore seconded by Fortune.

*Cynth.* But brother? haue I not heard you say, your own eares haue been witnesse to her vowes, made solemnely to your late Lord; in memorie of him, to perseue till death,

*The Widdowes Teares.*

the vnsustain'd honour of a Widdowes bed. If nothing else, yet that might coole your confidence.

*Thar.* Tush sister, suppose you should protest with solemne oath (as perhaps you haue done, if euer Heauen heares your praiers, that you may liue to see my Brother nobly interred) to feede only vpon fish, and not endure the touch of flesh, during the wretched Lent of your miserable life; would you belecue it Brother?

*Lysand.* I am therein most confident.

*Thar.* Indeed, you had better belecue it then trie it: but pray Sister tell me, you are a woman: doe not you wiues nod your heads, and smile one vpon an other when yee meete abroade?

*Cynth.* Smile? why so?

*Thar.* As who should say, are not we mad Wenches, that can lead our blind husbands thus by the noses? do you not brag amongst your selues how grossly you abuse their honest credulities? how they adore you for Saints: and you belecue it? while you adorne their temples, and they belecue it not? how you vow Widdow-hood in their life time, and they belecue you, when euen in the sight of their breathlesse corse, ere they be fully cold, you ioine embraces with his Groome, or his Phisition, and perhaps his poisoner; or at least by the next Moone (if you can expect so long) solemnely plight new Hymineall bonds, with a wild, confident, vntamed Ruffine?

*Lysand.* As for example.

*Thar.* And make him the top of his house, and soueraign Lord of the Palace, as for example. Looke you Brother, this glasse is mine.

*Lysand.* What of that?

*Thar.* While I am with it, it takes impressiō from my face; but can I make it so mine, that it shall bee of no vse to any other? will it not doe his office to you or you: and as well to my Groome as to my selfe? Brother, Monopolies are cryed downe. Is it not madnes for me to belecue, when I haue conquer'd that Fort of chastitie the great Countesse,

Countesse; that if another man of my making, and mettall, shall assault her: her eies and eares should lose their function, her other parts their vse, as if Nature had made her all in vaine, vnlesse I only had stumbl'd into her quarters.

*Cynth.* Brother: I feare mee in your trauaile, you haue drunck too much of that Italian aire, that hath infected the whole masse of your ingenuous Nature; dried vp in you all sap of generous disposition, poisoned the very Essence of your soule, and so polluted your senses, that whatsoever enters there, takes from them contagion, and is to your fancie represented as foule and tainted, which in it selfe perhaps is spotlesse.

*Thar.* No sister, it hath refin'd my senses, and made mee see with cleare eies, and to iudge of obiects, as they truly are, not as they seeme, and through their maske to discern the true face of thinges. It tells me how short liu'd Widdowes teares are, that their weeping is in truth but laughing vnder a Maske, that they mourne in their Gownes, and laugh in their Sleeues, all which I beleue as a Delphian Oracle: and am resolu'd to burne in that faith, And in that resolution doe I march to the great Ladie.

*Lysand.* You lose time Brother in discourse, by this had you bore vp with the Ladie and clapt her aboard, for I knowe your confidence will not dwell long in the seruice.

*Thar.* No, I will performe it in the Conquerours stile. Your way is, not to winne *Penelope* by suite, but by surprise. The Castle's carried by a sodaine assault, that would perhaps sit out a twelue-moneths siege. It would bee a good breeding to my yong Nephew here, if hee could procure a stand at the Palace, to see with what alacritie He a-coast her Countesship, in what garbe I will woo her, with what facilitie I will winne her.



*The Widdowes Teares.*

*Lyfand.* It shall goe hard but wee le heare your entertaine-  
ment for your confidence sake.

*Thar.* And hauing wonne her Nephew ; This sweet face  
Which all the Citie faies, is fo like me,  
Like me shall be preferr'd, for I will wed thee  
To my great widdowes Daughter and sole Heire,  
The louely sparke, the bright *Laodice*.

*Lyfand.* A good pleasant dreame.

*Thar.* In this cie I see  
That fire that shall in me inflame the Mother,  
And that in this shall set on fire the Daughter.  
It goes Sir in a bloud ; belecue me brother,  
These destinies goe euer in a bloud.

*Lyfand.* These diseases doe, brother, take heede of them :  
Fare you well ; Take heede you be not baffeld.

*Exeunt. Lyf. Cynth. Hyl. Ero. manet Tharf.*

*Thar.* Now thou that art the third blind Deitie  
That gouernes earth in all her happinesse,  
The life of all endowments, *Confidence* ;  
Direct and prosper my intention.  
Command thy seruant Deities, Loue and Fortune  
To second my attempts for this great Ladie,  
Whose Page I lately was ; That shee, whose bord  
I might not sit at, I may boord a bed  
And vnder bring, who bore so high her head.

*Exit.*

*Lyfander, Lycus.*

*Lyc.* 'Tis miraculous that you tell me Sir : he come to  
woo our Ladie Mistris for his wife ?

*Lyf.* 'Tis a phrensie he is posselt with, and wil not be curd  
but by some violent remedie. And you shall fauour me so  
much to make me a spectatour of the Scene. But is shee (say  
you) alreadie accessible for Suiters ? I thought shee would  
haue stood so stiffly on her Widdow vow, that shee would  
not endure the sight of a Suiter.

*Lyc.* Faith Sir, *Penelope* could not barre her gates against  
her

her woers, but shee will still be Mistris of her selfe. It is as you know, a certaine Itch in femall bloud, they loue to be su'd to: but sheele hearken to no Suiters.

*Lys.* But by your leaue *Lycus*, *Penelope* is not so wise as her husband *Ulysses*, for he fearing the iawes of the *Syren*, stopt his cares with waxe against her voice. They that feare the Adders sting, will not come neare her hissing. Is any Suiter with her now?

*Lyc.* A Spartan Lord, daring himselfe our great Viceroyes Kinsman, and two or three other of his Countrie Lords, as spots in his train. He comes armed with his Altitudes letters in grace of his person, with promise to make her a Duchesse if shee embrace the match. This is no meane attraction to her high thoughts; but yet shee disdaines him.

*Lys.* And how then shall my brother presume of acceptance? yet I hold it much more vnder her contentment, to marrie such a Nastie braggart, then vnder her honour to wed my brother: A Gentleman (though I sai't) more honourably descended than that Lord: who perhaps, for all his Ancestrie would bee much troubled to name you the place where his Father was borne.

*Lyc.* Nay, I hold no comparison betwixt your brother & him. And the Venerean diseasē, to which they say, he has beene long wedded, shall I hope first rot him, ere shee endure the saueur of his Sulphurous breath. Well, her Ladyship is at hand; y'are best take you to your stand.

*Lys.* Thankes good friend *Lycus*.

*Exit.*

*Enter Argus barehead, with whome another Vsher Lycus ioynes, going ouer the Stage. Hiarbas, and Pforabens next, Rebus single before Endora, Laodise, Sthemia bearing her waine, Ianthe following.*

*Peb.* **I** Admire Madame, you can not loue whome the Viceroy loues.

*Hiar.* And one whose veines swell so with his bloud, Madam, as they doe in his Lordship.

*Pfo.*

*The Widdowes Teares.*

*Pfo.* A neare and deare Kinsman his Lordship is to his Altitude, the Viceroy; In care of whose good speede here, I know his Altitude hath not slept a sound sleepe since his departure.

*End.* I thanke *Venus* I haue, euer since he came.

*Reb.* You sleepe away your Honour, Madam, if you neglect me.

*Hiar.* Neglect your Lordship? that were a negligence no lesse than disloialtie.

*End.* I much doubt that Sir, It were rather a presumption to take him, being of the bloud Vicerioiall.

*Reb.* Not at all, being offered Madame.

*End.* But offered ware is not so sweet you know. They are the graces of the Viceroy that woo me, not your Lordships, and I conceiue it should be neither Honor nor Pleasure to you, to be taken in for an other mans fauours.

*Reb.* Taken in Madam? you speake as I had no house to hide my head in.

*End.* I haue heard so indeed, my Lord, vnlesse it be another mans.

*Reb.* You haue heard vnruth then; These Lords can well witnesse I can want no houses.

*Hiar.* Nor Palaces neither my Lord.

*Pfo.* Nor Courts neither.

*End.* Nor Temples I thinke neither; I belecue wee shall haue a God of him.

*Enter Tharsalio.*

*Arg.* See the bold fellow; whether will you Sir?

*Thar.* Away, all honour to you Madam?

*End.* How now base companion?

*Thar.* Base Madame: hees not base that fights as high as your lips,

*End.* And does that besee me my seruant?

*Thar.* Your Court-seruant Madam.

*End.* One that waited on my boord?

*Thar.*



*A Comedie.*

*Thar.* That was only a preparation to my weight on your bed Madam.

*End.* How dar'st thou come to me with such a thought?

*Thar.* Come to you Madam? I dare come to you at midnight, and bid defiance to the proudest spirit that haunts these your loued shadowes; and would any way make terrible the accessse of my loue to you.

*End.* Loue me? loue my dogge.

*Thar.* I am bound to that by the prouerb Madam.

*End.* Kennell without with him, intrude not here. What is it thou presum'st on?

*Thar.* On your iudgement Madam, to choose a Man, and not a Giant, as these are that come with Titles, and Authoritie, as they would conquer, or rauish you. But I come to you with the liberall and ingenuous Graces, Loue, Youth, and Gentry; which (in no more deform'd a person then my selfe) deserue any Princesse.

*End.* In your sawcie opinion Sir, and sirha too; get gone; and let this malipert humour returne thee no more, for afore heauen Ile haue thee tost in blanquets.

*Thar.* In blanquets Madam? you must adde your sheetes, and you must be the Toffer.

*Reb.* Nay then Sir y'are as grosse as you are sawcie.

*Thar.* And all one Sir, for I am neither.

*Reb.* Thou art both.

*Thar.* Thou liest; keepe vp your smiter Lord *Rebus.*

*Hiar.* Vsest thou thus his Altitudes Cosen?

*Reb.* The place thou know'st protects thee.

*Thar.* Tie vp your valour then till an other place turne me loose to you, you are the Lord (I take it) that wooed my great Mistris here with letters from his Altitude; which while she was reading, your Lordship (to entertaine time) strodd'd and skal'd your fingers; as you would shew what an itching desire you had to get betwixt her sheetes.

*Hiar.* Slight, why does your Lordship endure him?

*Reb.* The place, the place my Lord.

*Thar.* Be you his Attorney Sir.

*The Widdower Teares.*

*Hiar.* What would you doe Sir?

*Thar.* Make thee leape out at window, at which thou cam'st in: Whores-sonne bag-pipe Lords..

*End.* What rudenesse is this?

*Thar.* What tamenesse is it in you Madam, to sticke at the discarding of such a suiter? A leane Lord, dub'd with the lard of others? A diseased Lord too, that opening certaine Magick Characters in an vnlawfull booke, vp-start as many aches in's bones, as there are ouches in's skinne. Send him (Mistris) to the Widdow your Tennant; the vertuous Pandresse *Arface*. I perceiue he has crownes in's Purse, that make him proud of a string; let her pluck the Goose therefore, and her maides dresse him..

*Pso.* Still my Lord suffer him?

*Reb.* The place Sir, beleeeue it the place..

*Thar.* O good Lord *Rebus*; The place is neuer like to be yours that you neede respect it so much.

*End.* Thou wrong'st the noble Gentleman.

*Thar.* Noble Gentleman? A tumor, an impostume hee is Madam; a very hault-boy, a bag-pipe; in whom there is nothing but winde, and that none of the sweetest neither.

*End.* Quitt the House of him by 'thead and Shoulders.

*Thar.* Thanks to your Honour Madame, and my Lord. Cosen the Viceroy shall thanke you.

*Reb.* So shall he indeede sir.

*Lyc.Arg.* Will you be gone sir?

*Thar.* Away poore Fellowes.

*End.* What is he made of? or what Deuill sees your childish, and effeminate spirits in him, that thus yee shun him? Free vs of thy sight;

Be gone, or I protest thy life shall goe.

*Thar.* Yet shall my Ghost stay still; and haunt those beauties, and glories, that haue renderd it immortal.

But since I see your bloud runnes (for the time)

high,

High, in that contradiction that fore-runs  
Truest agreements (like the Elements  
Fighting before they generate;) and that Time  
Must be attended most, in things most worth;  
I leaue your Honour freely; and commend  
That life you threaten, when you please, to be  
Aduentur'd in your seruice; so your Honour  
Require it likewise.

*Eud.* Doe not come againe.

*Thar.* Ile come againe, belecue it, and againe. *Exit.*

*Eud.* If he shall dare to come againe, I charge you shut  
dores vpon him.

*Arg.* You must shut them (Madam)  
To all men else then, if it please your Honour,  
For if that any enter, hele be one.

*Eud.* I hope, wise Sir, a Guard will keepe him out.

*Arg.* Afore Heauen, not a Guard (ant please your  
Honour.)

*Eud.* Thou liest base Ass; One man enforce a Guard;  
Ile turne yee all away (by our Iles Goddesse)  
If he but set a foote within my Gates.

*Lurd.* Your Honour shall doe well to haue him poison'd.

*Hiar.* Or begg'd of your Cosen the Viceroy. *Exit.*

*Lysander from his stand.*

*Lysand.* This brauing wooer, hath the successe expected;  
The fauour I obtain'd, made me witnesse to the sport;  
And let his Confidence bee sure, Ile giue it him  
home. The newes by this, is blowne through the foure  
quarters of the Cirtie. Alas good Confidence: but the  
happinesse is he has a forehead of prooffe; the staine shall  
neuer flick there whatsoeuer his reproch be.

*Enter Tharsalio.*

*Lysand.* **W**hat? in discourse?

*Thar.* Hell and the Furies take this vile encounter.



*The Widdowes Teares.*

Who would imagine this Saturnian Peacock  
Could be so barbarous to vse a spirit  
Of my erection, with such lowe respect?  
Fore heauen it cuts my gall; but Ile dissemble it.

*Lyfand.* What? my noble Lord?

*Thar.* Well Sir, that may be yet, and meanes to be.

*Lyfand.* What meanes your Lordship then to hang that  
head that hath beene so erected; it knocks Sir at your bo-  
some to come in and hide it selfe.

*Thar.* Not a iot.

*Lyfand.* I hope by this time it needes feare no hornes.

*Thar.* Well Sir, but yet that blessing runs not alwaies in  
a bloud.

*Lyfand.* What blanqueted? O the Gods! spurn'd out by  
Groomes like a base B.sogno? thrust out by'th head and  
shoulders?

*Thar.* You doe well Sir to take your pleasure of me, (I  
may turne tables with you ere long.)

*Lyfand.* What has thy wits fine engine taken cold?  
art stuff't inth head? canst answere nothing?

*Thar.* Truth is, I like my entertainment the better that  
'twas no better.

*Lyfand.* Now the Gods forbid that this opinion should run  
in a bloud.

*Thar.* Haue not you heard this principle, All thinges by  
strife engender?

*Lyfand.* Dogges and Cats doe.

*Thar.* And men and women too.

*Lyfand.* Well Brother, in earnest, you haue now set your  
confidence to schoole, from whence I hope't has brought  
home such a lesson as will instruct his matter neuer after to  
begin such attempts as end in laughter.

*Thar.* Well Sir, you lesson my Confidence still; I pray  
heauens your confidence haue not more shallow ground  
(for that I know) then mine you reprehend so.

*Lyfand.* My confidence? in what?

*Thar.* May be you trust too much.

*Lyfand.*

*Lyfand.* Wherein?

*Thar.* In humane frailtie.

*Lyfand.* Why brother know you ought that may impeach my confidence, as this successe may yours? hath your obseruation discouered any such frailtie in my wife (for that is your aime I know) then let me know it.

*Thar.* Good, good. Nay Brother, I write no bookes of Obseruations, let your confidence beare out it selfe, as mine shall me.

*Lyfand.* That's scarce a Brothers speech. If there be ought wherein your Brothers good might any way be question'd can you conceale it from his bosome?

*Thar.* So, so. Nay my saying was but generall. I glance't at no particular.

*Lyfand.* Then must I presse you further. You spake (as to your selfe, but yet I ouer-heard) as if you knew some disposition of weaknesse where I most had fixt my trust. I challenge you to let me know what 'twas.

*Thar.* Brother? are you wise?

*Lyfand.* Why?

*Thar.* Be ignorant. Did you neuer heare of *Altaon*?

*Lyfand.* What then?

*Thar.* Curiositie was his death. He could not be content to adore *Diana* in her Temple, but he must needs dogge her to her retir'd pleasures, and see her in her nakednesse. Doe you enioy the sole priuiledge of your wiues bed? haue you no pretie *Paris* for your Page? No yong *Adonis* to front you there?

*Lyfand.* I thinke none: I know not.

*Thar.* Know not still Brother. Ignorance and credulitie are your sole meanes to obtaine that blessing. You see your greatest Clerkes, your wisest Politicians, are not that way fortunate: your learned Lawyers would lose a dozen poore mens causes to gaine a lease ant, but for a Terme. Your Phisition is ielous of his. Your Sages in generall, by seeing too much ouersee that happinesse. Only your block-headly Tradesman; your honest meaning Cittizen; your not-

*The Widdowes Teares.*

headed Countrie Gentleman ; your vnapprehending  
Stinckerd is blest with the sole prerogatiue of his Wiues  
chamber. For which he is yet beholding, not to his starres,  
but to his ignorance. For if he be wise, Brother, I must tell  
you the case alters.

How doe you relish these thinges Brother?

*Lysand.* Passing ill.

*Thar.* So do sick men solid meates : hearke you brother,  
are you not ielous?

*Lysand.* No : doe you know cause to make me?

*Thar.* Hold you there ; did your wife neuer spice your  
broth with a dramme of sublimate ? hath shee not yeelded  
vp the Fort of her Honour to a staring Soldado ? and ( ta-  
king courage from her guilt ) plaid open bankrout of all  
shame, and runne the Countrie with him ? Then blesse  
your Starres, bow your knees to *Iuno*. Looke where shee  
appeares.

*Enter Cynthia, Hylus.*

*Cynth.* **W**E haue sought you long Sir, there's a Mes-  
senger within, hath brought you letters  
from the Court, and desires your speech.

*Lysand.* I can discouer nothing in her lookes. Goe, Ile not  
be long.

*Cynth.* Sir, it is of weight the bearer saies : and besides,  
much hastens his departure. Honourable Brother ! crie  
mercie ! what, in a Conquerours stile ? but come and ouer-  
come ?

*Thar.* A fresh course.

*Cynth.* Alas you see of how sleight mettall Widdowes  
vowes are made.

*Thar.* And that shall you proue too ere long.

*Cynth.* Yet for the honour of our sexe, boast not abroade  
this your easie conquest ; another might perhaps haue staid  
longer below staires, it but was your confidence, that sur-  
prised her loue.

*Hyl.*



*Hyl.* My vncle hath instructed me how to accoast an honorable Ladie; to win her, not by suite, but by surprize.

*Thar.* The Whelp and all.

*Hyl.* Good Vncle let not your neare Honours change your manners, bee not forgetfull of your promise to mee, touching your Ladies daughter *Laodice*. My fancie runns so vpon't, that I dreame euery night of her.

*Thar.* A good chicken; goe thy waies, thou hast done well; eate bread with thy meate.

*Cynth.* Come Sir, will you in?

*Lyfand.* Ile follow you.

*Cynth.* Ile not stirre a foot without you. I can not satisfie the messengers impatience.

*Lys.* He takes *Thar.* aside. Wil you not resolue me brother?

*Thar.* Of what?

*Lyfander stamps and goes out vext with Cynth. Hyl. Ero.*

So, there's venie for venie, I haue giuen't him 'ith speeding place for all his confidence. Well out of this perhaps there may bee moulded matter of more mirth, then my baffling. It shall goe hard but Ile make my constant sister act as famous a Scene as *Virgil* did his *Mistis*; who caus'd all the Fire in Rome to faile so that none could light a torch but at her nose. Nowforth: At this house dwells a vertuous Dame, sometimes of worthy Fame, now like a decar'd Merchant turn'd Broker, and retails refuse commodities for vnthristie Gallants. Her wit I must imploy vpon this businesse to prepare my next encounter, but in such a fashion as shall make all splir. Ho? Madam *Arface*? pray heauen the Oister-wiues haue not brought the newes of my woing hether amongst their stale Pilcherds.

*Enter Arface, Tomasus.*

*Arf.* **W**Hat? my Lord of the Palace?

*Thar.* Looke you.

*Arf.* Why, this was done like a beaten Souldier.

*Thar.* Hearke, I must speake with you. I haue a share for you in this riche aduventure. You must be

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bee the Assie chardg'd with Crownes to make way to the Fort, and I the Conquerour to follow, and seise it. Seest thou this iewell?

*Arf.* Is't come to that? why *Tomasin*.

*Tom.* Madam.

*Arf.* Did not one of the Countesses Seruing-men tell vs that this Gentleman was sped?

*Tom.* That he did, and how her honour gract and entertained him in very familiar manner.

*Arf.* And brought him downe staires her selfe.

*Tom.* I forsooth, and commanded her men to beare him out of dores.

*Thar.* Slight, pelted with rotten egges?

*Arf.* Nay more, that he had alreadie posselt her sheetes.

*Tom.* No indeede Mistris, twas her blanquets.

*Thar.* Out you yong hedge-sparrow, learne to tread afore you be fledged.

*He kicks her out.*

Well haue you done now Ladie.

*Arf.* O my sweet kilbuck.

*Thar.* You now, in your shallow pate, thinke this a disgrace to mee, such a disgrace as is a batterd helmet on a fouldiers head, it doubles his resolution. Say, shall I vse thee?

*Arf.* Vse me?

*Thar.* O holy reformation! how art thou fallen downe from the vpper-bodies of the Church to the skirts of the Citie! honestie is stript out of his true substance into verball nicetic. Common sinners startle at common termes, and they that by whole mountaines swallow downe the deedes of darknesse; A poore mote of a familiar word, makes them turne vp the white o'th eie. Thou art the Ladies Tennant.

*Arf.* For terme Sir.

*Thar.* A good induction, be successefull for me, make me Lord of the Palace, and thou shalt hold thy Tenement to thee and thine eares for euer, in free smockage, as of the manner of Panderage, prouided alwaies.

*Arf.*

*A Comedie.*

*Arfa.* Nay if you take me vnprovided.

*Thar.* Provided I say, that thou mak'st thy repaire to her presently with a plot I will instruct thee in; and for thy surer access to her greatnesse, thou shalt present her, as from thy selfe with this iewell.

*Arfa.* So her old grudge, stand not betwixt her and me.

*Thar.* Feare not that.

Presents are present cures for small grudges,  
Make bad, seeme good; alter the case with Iudges.

*Exit.*

*Finis Actus Primi.*

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*Actus Secundi.*

*Scœna Prima.*

*Lysander, Tharsalio.*

*Lysand.* **S**O now we are our selues. Brother, that ill relisht speech you let slip from your tongue, hath taken so deepe hold of my thoughts, that they will neuer giue me rest, till I be re-

sol'd what 'twas you said, you know, touching my wife.

*Thars.* Tush: I am wearie of this subiect, I said not so.

*Lysand.* By truth it selfe you did: I ouer-heard you. Come, it shall nothing moue me, whatsoeuer it be; pray thee vnfold briefly what you know.

*Thars.* Why briefly Brother. I know my sister to be the wonder of the Earth; and the Enuie of the Heauens. Vertuous, Loiall, and what not. Briefly, I know shee hath vow'd, that till death and after death, shee hold inuiolate her bonds to you, & that her black shal take no other hew; all which I firmly belecue. In brieft Brother, I know her to be a woman. But you know brother, I haue other yrons on th'anuile.

*Exiturus.*

*Lysand.* You shall not leaue mee so vnsatisfied; tell mee

D

whag



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what tis you know.

*Thar.* Why Brother ; if you be sure of your wiues loialtie for terme of life : why should you be curious to search the Almanacks for after-times : whether some wandering *Aeneas* should enioy your reuersion ; or whether your true Turtle would sit mourning on a wither'd branch , till *Atropos* cut her throat : Beware of curiositie, for who can resolve you ? youle say perhaps her vow.

*Lysand.* Perhaps I shall.

*Thar.* Tush, her selfe knowes not what shee shall doe, when shee is transform'd into a Widdow. You are now a sober and staid Gentleman. But if *Diana* for your curiositie should translate you into a monckey ; doe you know what gambolds you should play ? your only way to bee resolu'd is to die and make triall of her.

*Lysand.* A deare experiment, then I must rise againe to bee resolu'd.

*Thar.* You shall not neede. I can send you speedier aduertisement of her constancie, by the next Ripier that rides that way with Mackerell. And so I leaue you.

*Exit. Thar.*

*Lysand.* All the Furies in hell attend thee ; has giuen me a Bone to tire on with a pestilence ; flight know ? What can he know ? what can his eie obserue More then mine owne, or the most piercing sight That euer viewed her ? by this light I thinke Her priuac'th thought may dare the eie of heauen, And challenge th'enuious world to witnesse it. I know him for a wild corrupted youth, Whom prophane Ruffins, Squires to Bawds, & Strumpets, Drunkards, speud out of Tauerns, into th sinkes Of Tap-houses, and Stewes, Reuolts from manhood ; Debaucht perdu's, haue by their companies Turn'd Deuill like themselues, and stuf his soule With damn'd opinions, and vnhalloved thoughts Of womanhood, of all humanitie, Nay Deitie it selfe.

*Exit*

*A Comedie.*

*Enter Lycus.*

*Lys.* **W**elcome friend *Lycus*.

*Lyc.* Have you met with your capricious brother ?

*Lys.* He parted hence but now.

*Lyc.* And has he yet resolu'd you of that point you brake with me about ?

*Lys.* Yes, he bids me die for further triall of her constancie.

*Lyc.* That were a strange Phisicke for a iealous patient ; to cure his thirst with a draught of poison. Faith Sir , discharge your thoughts an't ; thinke 'twas but a Buzz deuis'd by him to set your braines a work, and diuert your eie from his disgrace. The world hath written your wife in highest lines of honour'd Fame : her vertues so admir'd in this Ile, as the report thereof sounds in forraigne eares ; and strangers oft arriuing here, ( as some rare sight ) desire to view her presence, thereby to compare the Picture with the originall. Nor thinke he can turne so farre rebell to his blood, Or to the Truth it selfe to misconceiue Her spotlesse loue and loialtie ; perhaps Oft hauing heard you hold her faith so sacred As you being dead, no man might stirre a sparke Of vertuous loue, in way of second bonds ; As if you at your death should carrie with you Both branch and roote of all affection, T'may be, in that point hee's an Infidell, And thinkes your confidence may ouer-weene.

*Lys.* So thinke not I.

*Lyc.* Nor I : if euer any made it good.

I am resolu'd of all, sheele proue no changling.

*Lys.* Well, I must yet be further satisfied ;

And vent this humour by some straine of wit, Somewhat Ile doe ; but what, I know not yet.

*Exeunt.*

*The widdowes Teares.*

*Enter Sthenio, Ianthe.*

*Sthe.* **P**Assion of Virginitie, *Ianthe*, how shall we quit our selues of this Pandresse, that is so importunate to speake with vs? Is shee knowne to be a Pandresse?

*Ian.* I, as well as we are knowne to be waiting women.

*Sthe.* A shrew take your comparison.

*Sthe.* Lets cal out *Argus* that bold Ass that neuer weighs what he does or saies; but walkes and talkes like one in a sleepe; to relate her attendance to my Ladie, and present her.

*Ian.* Who? ant please your Honour? None so fit to set on any dangerous exploit.

Ho? *Argus*?

*Enter Argus bare.*

*Arg.* **W**Hats the matter Wenches?

*Sthe.* You must tell my Ladie here's a Gentle-woman call'd *Arface*, her Honours Tennant, attends her, to impart important businesse to her.

*Arg.* I will presently.

*Exit. Arg.*

*Iant.* Well, shee has a welcome present, to beare out her vnwelcome presence: and I neuer knew but a good gift would welcome a bad person to the purest. *Arface*?

*Enter Arface.*

*Arf.* **I** Mistris.

*Sthe.* Give me your Present; Ile doe all I can, to make way both for it and your selfe.

*Arf.* You shall binde me to your seruice Ladie.

*Sthe.* Stand vnscene.

*Enter Lyo. Endora, Laodice, Reb, Hiar Pfor. comming after, Argus comming to Endora.*

*Arg.* **H**ere's a Gentle-woman (ant Please your Honour) one of your Tennants Desires access to you.

*End.* What Tennant? what's her name?

*Arg.*



*A Comedie.*

*Arg.* *Arface*, shee saies Madam.

*End.* *Arface*? what the Bawdc?

*Arg.* The Bawd Madam? *shee strikes*, that's without my priuatie.

*End.* Out Assie, know'st not thou the Pandresse *Arface*?

*Stb.* Shee presents your Honour with this Iewell?

*End.* This iewell? how came shee by such a iewell?

Shee has had great Custoiners.

*Arg.* Shee had neede Madam, shee sits at a great Rent.

*End.* Alas for your great Rent: Ile keepe her iewell, and keepe you her out, yee were best: speake to me for a Pandresse?

*Arg.* What shall we doe?

*Stb.* Goe to; Let vs alone. *Arface*?

*Arf.* I Ladie.

*Stb.* You must pardon vs, we can not obtaine your accessse.

*Arf.* Mistris *Sthenio*, tell her Honour, if I get not accessse to her, and that instantly shee's vndone.

*Stb.* This is some-thing of importance. Madam, shee sweares your Honour is vndone if she speake not with you instantly.

*End.* Vndone?

*Arf.* Pray her for her Honours sake to giue mee instant accessse to her.

*Stb.* Shee makes her businesse your Honour Madame, and entreates for the good of that, her instant speech with you.

*End.* How comes my Honour in question? Bring her to mee.

*Enter Arface.*

*Arf.* **O** Vr *Cypriane* Goddesse saue your good Honor.

*End.* Stand you off I pray: How dare you Mistris importune accessse to me thus, considering the last warning I gaue for your absence?

*Arf.* Because, Madam, I haue been mou'd by your Honours last most chaste admonition, to leaue the offensive life.

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I led before.

*End.* I? haue you left it then?

*Arf.* I, I assure your Honour, vnlesse it be for the pleasure of two or three poore Ladies, that haue prodigall Knights to their husbands.

*End.* Out on thee Impudent.

*Arf.* Alas Madam, wee would all bee glad to liue in our callings.

*End.* Is this the reform'd life thou talk'st on?

*Arf.* I beseech your good Honour mistake me not, I boast of nothing but my charitie, that's the worst.

*End.* You get these iewels with charitie, no doubt. But whats the point in which my Honour stands endanger'd I pray?

*Arf.* In care of that Madam, I haue presum'd to offend your chastities with my presence. Hearing it reported for truth and generally, that your Honor will take to husband a yong Gentleman of this Citie called *Tharsalis*.

*End.* I take him to husband?

*Arf.* If your Honour does, you are vtterly vndone, for hee's the most incontinent, and insatiate Man of Women that euer *V E N V S* blest with abilitie to please them.

*End.* Let him be the Deuill; I abhorre his thought, and could I be inform'd particularly of any of these slanderers of mine Honour, he should as dearly dare it, as any thing wherein his life were endanger'd.

*Arf.* Madam, the report of it is so strongly confident, that I feare the strong destinie of marriage is at worke in it. But if it bee Madam: Let your Honours knowne vertue resist and defie it for him: for not a hundred will serue his one turne. I protest to your Honour, When (*V E N V S* pardon mee) I winckt at my vnmaidenly exercise, I haue knowne nine in a Night made mad with his loue.

*End.* What tell'st thou mee of his loue? I tell thee I abhorre him; and destinie must haue an other mould  
for

for my thoughts , then Nature or mine Honour , and a Witchcraft aboue both , to transforme mee to another shape , as soone as to an other conceipt of him.

*Arf.* Then is your good Honour iust as I pray for you, and good Madam , euen for your vertues sake , and comfort of all your Dignities, and Possessions ; fixe your whole Woman-hood against him. Hee will so inchant you , as neuer man did woman : Nay a Goddesse ( say his light huswiues ) is not worthie of his sweetnesse.

*End.* Go to, be gone.

*Arf.* Deare Madam , your Honours most perfect admonitions haue brought mee to such a hate of these imperfections , that I could not but attend you with my dutie, and vrge his vreasonable manhood to the fill.

*End.* Man-hood, quoth you ?

*Arf.* Nay Beastly-hood , I might say , indeede Madam , but for sauing your Honour ; Nine in a night said I ?

*End.* Go to, no more.

*Arf.* No more Madame ? that's enough one would thinke.

*End.* Well be gone I bid thee.

*Arf.* Alas Madam , your Honour is the chiefe of our Citie , and to whom shall I complaine of these inchaſtities, (being your Ladiships reform'd Tennant) but to you that are chastest ?

*End.* I pray thee goe thy waies, and let me see this reformation you pretend continued.

*Arf.* I humbly thanke your good Honour , that was first cause of it.

*End.* Here's a complaint as strange as my Suiter.

*Arf.* I beseech your good Honour thinke vpon him ; make him an example.

*End.* Yet againe ?

*Arf.* All my dutie to your Excellence.

*Exit. Arf.*

*End.* These sorts of licentious persons, when they are  
once



*The Widdowes Teares.*

once reclaim'd, are most vehement against licence. But it is the course of the world to dispraise faults & vse them; that so we may vse them the safer. What might a wise Widdow resolve vpon this point now? Contentment is the end of all worldly beings: Beshrow her; would shee had spared her newes. *Exit.*

*Reb.* See if shee take not a contrarie way to free her selfe of vs.

*Hiar.* You must complaine to his Altitude.

*Pfor.* All this for triall is; you must indure That will haue wiues, nought else, with them is sure.

*Exit.*

*Tharsalio, Arsace.*

*Thar.* **H**AST thou beene admitted then?

*Arsf.* Admitted? I, into her heart, Ile able it; neuer was man so prais'd with a dispraise; nor so spoken for in being rail'd on. Ile giue you my word; I haue set her hart vpon as tickle a pin as the needle of a Diall; that will neuer let it rest, till it be in the right position.

*Thar.* Why dost thou imagine this?

*Arsf.* Because I saw *Cupid* shoot in my wordes, and open his wounds in her lookes. Her bloud went and came of errands betwixt her face and her heart; and these changes I can tell you are shrewd tell-tales.

*Thar.* Thou speak'st like a Doctriffe in thy facultie; but howsoeuer, for all this foile, Ile retrieue the game once againe, hee's a shallow gamster that for one displeasing cast giues vp so faire a game for lost.

*Arsf.* Well, 'twas a villanous inuention of thine, and had a swift operation, it tooke like sulphure. And yet this vertuous Countesse hath to my eare spun out many a tedious lecture of pure sisters thred against concupiscence. But euer with such an affected zeale, as my minde gaue me, shee had a kinde of secret titillation to grace my poore house sometimes; but that shee fear'd a spice of the Sciatica, which as you know euer runs in the bloud.

*Thar.*

*A Comedie.*

*Thar.* And as you know, sokes into the bones. But to say truth, these angrie heates that breake out at the lips of these fireight lac't Ladies, are but as symptoms of a lustfull feuer that boiles within them. For wherefore rage wiues at their husbands so, when they flie out, for zeale against the sinne?

*Arf.* No, but because they did not purge that sinne.

*Thar.* Th'art a notable Syren, and I sweare to thee, if I prosper, not only to giue thee thy mannor-house gratis, but to marrie thee to some one Knight or other, and burie thy trade in thy Ladiship: Goe be gone. *Exit. Arf.*

*Enter Lycus.*

*Thar.* **W**Hat newes *Lycus*? where's the Ladie?

*Lyc.* Retir'd into her Orchard.

*Thar.* A pregnant badge of loue, shee's melancholy.

*Lyc.* 'Tis with the sight of her Spartane wooer. But how-soeuer tis with her, you haue practis'd strangely vpon your Brother.

*Thar.* Why so?

*Lyc.* You had almost list'd his wit off the hinges. That sparke ielousie falling into his drie melancholy braine, had well neare set the whole house on fire.

*Thar.* No matter, let it worke; I did but pay him in's owne coine; Sfoot hee plied me with such a volley of vnseason'd scoffs, as would haue made Patience it selfe turne Ruffine, attiring it selfe in wounds and bloud: but is his humour better qualified then?

*Lyc.* Yes, but with a medicine ten parts more dangerous then the sicknesse: you know how strange his dotage euer was on his wife; taking speciall glorie to haue her loue and loialtie to him so renown'd abroad. To whom shee oftentimes hath vow'd constancie after life, till her owne death had brought forsooth, her widdow-troth to bed. This he ioi'd in strangely, and was therein of infallible beliefe, till your surmise began to shake it; which hath loes'd it so, as now there's nought can settle it, but a triall, which hee's resolu'd vpon.

*Thar.* As how man? as how?

*E*

*Lyc.*

*The Widdowes Teares.*

*Lyc.* Hee is resolu'd to follow your aduise, to die, and make triall of her stablenesse, and you must lend your hand to it.

*Thar.* What to cut's throat?

*Lyc.* To forge a rumour of his death, to vphold it by circumstance, maintaine a publike face of mourning, and all thinges appertaining.

*Thar.* I, but the meanes man: what time? what probability,

*Lyc.* Nay, I thinke he has not lickt his Whelpe into full shape yet, but you shall shortly heare ant.

*Thar.* And when shall this strange conception see light?

*Lyc.* Forthwith: there's nothing staies him, but some odde businesse of import, which hee must winde vp; least perhaps his absence by occasion of his intended triall bee prolonged about his aimes.

*Thar.* Thanks for this newes i' faith. This may perhaps proue happie to my Nephew. Truth is I loue my sister well and must acknowledge her more then ordinarie vertues. But shee hath so possst my brothers heart with vowes, and disauowings, seal'd with oathes of second nuptialls; as in that confidence, hee hath inuested her in all his state, the ancient inheritance of our Familie: and left my Nephew and the rest to hang vpon her pure deuotion; so as he dead, and shee matching (as I am resolu'd shee will) with some yong Prodigall; what must ensue, but her post-issu beggerd, and our house already sinking, buried quick in ruin. But this triall may remoue it, and since tis come to this; marke but the issue *Lycus*, for all these solemne vowes, if I doe not make her proue in the handling as weake as a wafer; say I lost my time in trauaile. This resolution then has set his wits in ioynt againe, hee's quiet.

*Lyc.* Yes, and talkes of you againe in the fairest manner, listens after your speede.

*Thar.* Nay hee's passing kinde, but I am glad of this triall for all that.

*Lyc.* Which he thinkes to be a flight beyond your wing.

*Thar.*



*A Comedie.*

*Thar.* But hee will change that thought ere long. My Bird you saw euen now, sings me good newes, and makes hopefull signes to me.

*Lyc.* Somewhat can I say too, since your messengers departure, her Ladiship hath beene something alter'd, more pensive then before, and tooke occasion to question of you, what your additions were? of what tast your humor was? of what cut you wore your wit, and all this in a kind of disdainfull scorne.

*Thar.* Good Callenders *Lycus*. Well Ile pawne this iewel with thee, my next encounter shall quite alter my brothers iudgement. Come lets in, he shall commend it for a discreet and honourable attempt.

Mens iudgments sway on that side fortune leanes,

Thy wishes shall assist me:

*Lyc.* And my meanes.

*Exeunt.*

*Argus, Clinias, Sthenio, Ianthe.*

*Arg.* I Must confesse I was ignorant, what 'twas to court a Ladie till now.

*Sthe.* And I pray you what is it now?

*Arg.* To court her I perceiue, is to woo her w<sup>th</sup> letters from Court, for so this Spartane Lords Court discipline teacheth.

*Sth.* His Lordship hath procur'd a new Pacquet from his Altitude.

*Clin.* If he bring no better ware then letters in's pacquet, I shall greatly doubt of his good speede.

*Ian.* If his Lordship did but know how gracious his Aspect is to my Ladie in this solitarie humour.

*Clin.* Well these retir'd walkes of hers are not vsuall; and bode some alteration in her thoughts. What may bee the cause *Sthenio*.

*Sthe.* Nay twould trouble *Argus* with his hundred eies to descrie the cause.

*Ian.* *Venus* keepe her vpright, that shee fall not from

the state of her honour; my feare is that some of these Serpentine suiters will tempt her from her constant vow of widow-hood. If they doe, good night to our good daies. *Sthe.* 'Twere a sinne to suspect her; I haue been witnesse to so many of her fearfull protestations to our late Lord against that course; to her infinite oathes imprinted on his lips, and seal'd in his heart with such imprecations to her bed, if euer it should receiue a second impression; to her open and often detestations of that incestuous life (as shee term'd it) of widdowes marriages; as being but a kinde of lawfull adulterie; like vsurie, permitted by the law, not aprou'd. That to wed a second, was no better then to cuckold the first: That women should entertaine wedlock as one bodie, as one life, beyond which there were no desire, no thought, no repentance from it, no restitution to it. So as if the conscience of her vowes should not restraine her, yet the worlds shame to breake such a constant resolution, should repressse any such motion in her.

*Arg.* Well, for her vowes, they are gone to heauen with her husband, they binde not vpon earth: And as for Womens resolutions, I must tell you, The Planets, & (as *Ptolomie* saies) the windes haue a great stroke in them. Trust not my learning if her late strangeness, and exorbitant solitude, be not hatching some new Monster.

*Ian.* Well applied *Argus*; Make you husbands Monsters?

*Arg.* I spoke of no husbands: but you Wenches haue the pregnant wits, to turne Monsters into husbands, as you turne husbands into monsters.

*Sthe.* Well *Ianthe*, 'twere high time we made in, to part our Ladie and her Spartane wooer.

*Ian.* We shall appeare to her like the two fortunate Stars, in a tempest, to saue the shipwrack of her patience.

*Sthe.* I, and to him to, I belecue; For by this time he hath spent the last dramme of his newes.

*Arg.* That is, of his wit.

*Sth.* Iust good wittals. *Ian.* If not, & that my La: be not.

too deep in her new dumps, we shall heare from his Lordship; what such a Lord said of his wife the first night hee embrac't her: To what Gentleman such a Count was beholding for his fine children. What yong Ladie, such an old Count should marrie; what Reuells: what presentments are towards; and who penn'd the Pegmas; and so forth: and yet for all this, I know her harsh Suiter hath tir'd her to the vttermost scruple of her forbearance, and will doe more, vnlesse we two, like a paire of Sheres, cut a-sunder the thred of his discourse.

*Sthe.* Well then, lets in; But my masters, waite you on your charge at your perils, See that you guard her approach from any more intruders.

*Ian.* Excepting yong *Tharsalio*.

*Sthe.* True, excepting him indeede, for a guard of men is not able to keepe him out and please your Honour.

*Arg.* O Wenches, that's the propertie of true valour, to promise like a Pigmei, and performe like a Giant. If he come, Ile bee sworne Ile doe my Ladies commandement vpon him.

*Ian.* What? beate him out?

*Sthe.* If hee should, *Tharsalio* would not take it ill at his handes, for he does but his Ladies commandement.

*Enter Tharsalio.*

*Arg.* **W**ELL, by *Hercules* he comes not here.

*Sthe.* By *Venus* but hee does: or else shee hath heard my Ladies praiers, and sent some gracious spirit in his likeness to fright away that Spartane wooer, that hants her.

*Thar.* There stand her Sentinells.

*Arg.* Slight the Ghost appeares againe.

*Thar.* Saue yee my quondam fellowes in Armes; saue yee; my women.

*Sthe.* Your Women Sir?

*Thar.* 'Twill be so. What no courtesies? No preparation of grace? obserue me I aduise you for your owne sakes.

*Ian.* For your owne sake, I aduise you to pack hence, lest



*The Widdowes Teares.*

your impudent valour cost you dearer then you thinke.

*Clin.* What senselesse boldnesse is this *Tharsalia*?

*Arg.* Well said *Clinias*, talke to him.

*Clin.* I wonder that notwithstanding the shame of your last entertainment, and threatnings of worse; you would yet presume to trouble this place againe.

*Thar.* Come y<sup>e</sup> are a widgeine; Off with your hat Sir, acknowledge: forecast is better then labour. Are you squinteyd? can you not see afore you. A little foresight I can tell you might sted you much as the Starres shine now.

*Clin.* 'Tis well sir, tis not for nothing your brother is ashamed on you. But Sir, you must know, wee are chardg'd to barre your entrance.

*Thar.* But Wisler, know you, that who so shall dare to execute that charge, Ile be his Executioner.

*Arg.* By *Ioue*, *Clinias*, me thinks, the Gentleman speakes very honourably.

*Thar.* Well I see this house needes reformation, here's a fellow stands behind now, of a forwarder insight then yee all. What place hast thou?

*Arg.* What place you please Sir.

*Thar.* Law you Sir. Here's a fellow to make a Gentleman Vsher Sir, I discharge you of the place, and doe here inuest thee into his roome, Make much of thy haire, thy wit will suit it rarely. And for the full possession of thine office; Come, Vsher me to thy Ladie: and to keep thy hand supple, take this from me.

*Arg.* No bribes Sir, ant please your Worship.

*Thar.* Goe to, thou dost well; but pocket it for all that; it's no impaire to thee: the greatest doo'r.

*Arg.* Sir, tis your loue only that I respect, but since out of your loue you please to bestow it vpon me, It were want of Courtship in mee to refuse it; Ile acquaint my Ladie with your comming.

*Exit. Arg.*

*Thar.* How say by this? haue not I made a fit choise, that hath so soone attain'd the deepest mysterie of his profession: Good sooth Wenches, a few courtships had not been

*A Comedie.*

beene cast away vpon your new Lord.

*Sib.* Weele belecue that, when our Ladie has a new Sonne of your getting.

*Enter Argus, Endora, Rebus, Hiar.*

*Pfor.*

*End.* **W**Hats the matter? whose that, you say, is come?

*Arg.* The bold Gentleman, ant please your Honour.

*End.* Why thou flering Ass thou.

*Arg.* Ant please your Honour.

*End.* Did not I forbid his approach by all the charge and dutie of thy seruice?

*Thar.* Madam, this fellow only is intelligent; for he truly vnderstood your command according to the stile of the Court of *Venus*; that is, by contraries: when you forbid you bid.

*End.* By heauen Ile discharge my house of yee all.

*Thar.* You shall not neede Madame, for I haue alreadie casheer'd your officious Vsher here, and chos'd this for his Successor.

*End.* O incredible boldnesse!

*Thar.* Madam, I come not to command your loue with enforst letters, nor to woo you with tedious stories of my Pedigree, as hee who drawes the thred of his descent from *Ledas* Distasse; when 'tis well knowne his Grandfire cried Coniskins in Sparta.

*Reb.* Whom meane you Sir?

*Thar.* Sir, I name none, but him who first shall name himselfe.

*Reb.* The place Sir, I tell you still; and this Goddesse faire presence, or else my reply should take a farre other forme vpon't.

*Thar.* If it should Sir, I would make your Lordship an anser.

*Arg.* Anser's Latine for a Goose, ant please your honor.

*End.* Well noted Gander; and what of that?

*Arg.* Nothing, ant please your Honor, but that he said he would.

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would make his Lordship an answer.

*End.* Thus euery foole mocks my poore Suiter. Tell mee thou most frontlesse of all men, did'st thou (when thou had'st meanes to note me best) euer obserue so base a temper in mee, as to giue any glance at flooping to my Vassall?

*Thar.* Your drudge Madam, to doe your drudgerie.

*End.* Or am I now so skant of worthie Suiters, that may aduance mine honour; aduance my estate; strengthen my alliance (if I list to wed) that I must sloop to make my foot my head.

*Thar.* No but your side, to keepe you warme a bed. But Madame vouchsafe me your patience to that points serious answer. Though I confesse to get higher place in your graces, I could wish my fortunes more honourable; my person more gracious; my minde more adorn'd with Noble and Heroicall vertues; yet Madame (that you thinke not your bloud disparadg'd by mixture with mine) daine to know this: howsoeuer I once, only for your loue, disguis'd my selfe in the seruice of your late Lord and mine; yet my descent is as honourable as the proudest of your Spartane attempters; who by vnkown quills or conduits vnder ground, drawes his Pedigree from *Lycurgus* his great Toe, to the Viceroyes little finger, and from thence to his owne elbow, where it will neuer leaue itching.

*Reb.* Tis well Sir, presume still of the place.

*Thar.* Sfoot Madame, am I the first great personage that hath slooped to disguises for loue? what thinke you of our Countrie-man *Hercules*; that for loue put on *Omphales* Apron, and sate spinning amongst her Wenches, while his Mistris wore his Lyons skin and Lamb-skin'd him, if he did not his businesse.

*End.* Most fitly thou resembl'st thy selfe to that violent outlaw, that claim'd all other mens possessions as his owne by his meere valour. For what lesse hast thou done? Come into my house, beate away these Honourable persons?

*Thar.* That I will Madam. Hence ye Sparta-Veluets.

*P for.*



*A Comedie.*

*Pfor.* Hold, shee did not meane so.

*Thar.* Away I say, or leaue your liues I protest here.

*Hiar.* Well Sir, his Alcitude shall know you.

*Reb.* Ile doe your errand Sir.

*Exeunt.*

*Thar.* Doe good Cosen Altitude; and beg the reuersion of the next Ladie: for *Dido* has betrotht her loue to me. By this faire hand Madam, a faire riddance of this Calidonian Bore.

*Eud.* O most prodigious audaciousnesse!

*Thar.* True Madam; O fie vpon am, they are intollerable. And I can not but admire your singular vertue of patience, not common in your sexe; and must therefore carrie with it some rare indowment of other Masculine and Heroicall vertues. To heare a rude Spartane court so ingenuous a Ladie, with dull newes from Athens, or the Vicerois court; how many dogs were spoil'd at the last Bull-baiting; what Ladies dub'd their husbands Knights, and so forth.

*Eud.* But hast thou no shame? No sense of what disdain I shew'd thee in my last entertainment? chacing thee from my presence, and charging thy dutie, not to attempt the like intrusion for thy life; and dar'st thou yet approach mee in this vnmannery manner? No question this desperate boldnesse can not choose but goe accompanied with other infinite rudenesses.

*Thar.* Good Madam, giue not the Child an vnfit name, terme it not boldnes, which the Sages call true confidence, founded on the most infallible Rocke of a womans constancie.

*Eud.* If shame can not restraine thee, tell mee yet if any brainlesse foole would haue tempted the danger attending thy approach.

*Thar.* No Madam, that proues I am no Foole: Then had I been here a Foole, and a base low-spirited Spartan, if for a Ladies froune, or a Lords threatens, or for a Guard of Groomes, I should haue shrunke in the wetting, and suffer'd such a delicious flower to perish in the stalke, or to be sauagely pluckt by a prophane finger. No Madam: First

*The Widdowes Teares.*

let me be made a Subiect for disgrace; let your remorselesse Guard seaze on my despised bodie, bind me hand and foot, and hurle me into your Ladiships bed.

*End.* O Gods: I protest thou dost more and more make me admire thee.

*Thar.* Madam, ignorance is the mother of admiration: know me better, and youle admire me lesse.

*End.* What would'st thou haue mee know? what seekes thy comming? why dost thou hant me thus?

*Thar.* Only Madam, that the *Aina* of my sighes, and *Nisus* of my teares, pour'd forth in your presence, might witnessse to your Honor the hot and moist affection of my hart, and worke me some measure of fauour, from your sweete tongue, or your sweeter lips, or what else your good Ladiship shall esteeme more conducible, to your diuine contentment.

*End.* Pen and Inck-horne I thanke thee. This you learn'd when you were a Seruing-man.

*Thar.* Madam, I am still the same creature; and I will so tie my whole fortunes to that stile, as were it my happinesse (as I know it will be) to mount into my Lords succession, yet vow I neuer to assume other Title, or State, then your seruants: Not approching your boord, but bidden: Not pressing to your bed, but your pleasure shall be first known if you will command me any seruice.

*End.* Thy vowes are as vaine as a Ruffins othes; as common as the aire; and as cheape as the dust. How many of the light huswiues, thy Muses, hath thy loue promist this seruice besides, I pray thee?

*Thar.* Compare shadowes to bodies, Madam; Pictures to the life; and such are they to you, in my valuation.

*End.* I see wordes will neuer free me of thy boldnesse, and will therefore now vse blowes; and those of the mortallest enforcement. Let it suffice Sir, that all this time, and to this place, you enioy your safetie; keepe backe: No one foote follow mee further; for I protest to thee, the next threshold past, lets passe a prepar'd Ambush to thy latest breath.

breath.

*Exit. End.*

*Thar.* This for your Ambush, *He drawes.* Dare my loue with death?

*Clm.* Slight; follow ant please your Honour.

*Arg.* Not I by this light.

*Clm.* I hope Gentle-women you will.

*Sthe.* Not we Sir, we are no parters of fraies.

*Clm.* Faith nor Ile be any breaker of customes. *Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus Secundi.*

## Actus Tertij.

### Scoena Prima.

*Enter Lysander and Lycus booted.*

*Lyc.* **W**ould any heart of Adamant, for satisfaction of an vngrounded humour, racke a poore Ladies innocencie as you intend to doe. It was a strange curiositie in that Emperour, that ript his Mothers wombe to see the place he lay in.

*Lys.* Come do not lode me with volumes of perswasion; I am resolu'd, if shee be gold shee may abide the tast, lets away, I wonder where this wild brother is.

*Enter Cynthia, Hylus, and Ero.*

*Cynth.* *S*Ir.

*Lysand.* **S**I pray thee wise shew but thy selfe a woman; and be silent: question no more the reason of my iourney, which our great Viceroies charge vrg'd in this letter doth enforce me to.

*Cynth.* Let me but see that letter, there is something in this presaging bloud of mine, tells me this sodaine iourney can portend no good, resolute me sweet, haue not I giuen you cause of discontent, by some misprision, or want of fit obseruance, let mee know that I may wreake my selfe vpon my selfe.



*The widdowes Teares.*

*Lysand.* Come wife, our loue is now growne old and flaid,  
And must not wanton it in tricks of Court,  
Nor enterchang'd delights of melting louers;  
Hanging on sleeues, sighing, loth to depart;  
These toies are past with vs; our true loues substance  
Hath worne out all the shew, let it suffice,  
I hold thee deare: and thinke some cause of weight  
With no excuse to be dispens't with all,  
Compells me from thy most desir'd embraces;  
I stay but for my Brother, came he not in last night.

*Hyl.* For certaine no sir, which gaue vs cause of wonder,  
what accident kept him abroad.

*Cynth.* Pray heauen it proue not some wild resolution,  
bred in him by his second repulse from the Countesse.

*Lysand.* Trust me I something feare it, this insatiate spirit  
of aspiring, being so dangerous and fatall; desire mounted  
on the wings of it, descends not but headlong.

*Hyl.* Sir, sir, heres my Vncle. *Enter Thar.*

*Lysand.* What wrapt in carelesse cloake, face hid in hat vn-  
banded, these are the ditches brother, in which outraging  
colts plunge both themselues and their riders.

*Thar.* Well, wee must get out as well as wee may, if not,  
there's the making of a graue sau'd.

*Cynth.* That's desperately spoken brother, had it not been  
happier the colt had beene better broken, and his rider not  
fallen in.

*Thar.* True sister, but wee must ride colts before wee can  
breake them, you know.

*Lysand.* This is your blind Goddesse *Confidence*.

*Thar.* Alas brother, our house is decayd, & my honest am-  
bition to restore it, I hope be pardonable. My comfort is:  
the Poet that pens the storie wil write ore my head *magnis-  
tamen excidit ausis*; which in our natie Idioms, lets you  
know, His mind was high, though Fortune was his Foe.

*Lysand.* A good resolute brother, to out-iest disgrace: come  
I had been on my iourney but for some priuate speech with  
you: lets in.

*Thar.*

*Thar.* Good brother stay a little, helpe out this ragged colt out of the ditch.

*Lysand.* How now.

*Thar.* Now I confesse my ouersight, this haue I purchas'd by my confidence.

*Lysand.* I like you brother, 'tis the true Garb you know, What wants in reall worth supply in show.

*Thar.* In show? alas 'twas euen the thing it selfe,  
I op't my counting house, and tooke away  
These simple fragments of my treasure,  
Husband my Countesse cri'd take more, more yet,  
Yet, I in hast, to pay in part my debt,  
And proue my selfe a husband of her store,  
Kist and came of; and this time tooke no more.

*Cynth.* But good brother.

*Thar.* Then were our honor'd spousall rites perform'd,  
Wee made all short, and sweet, and close, and sure.

*Lysand.* Hee's wrap't.

*Thar.* Then did my Vshers, and chiefe Seruants scope,  
Then made my women curtisies, and enuied  
Their Ladies fortune: I was magnified.

*Lysand.* Let him alone, this spirit will soone vanish.

*Thar.* Brother and sister as I loue you, and am true seru-  
uant to *Venus*, all the premises are serious and true, and the  
conclusion is: the great Countesse is mine, the Palace is at  
your seruice, to which I inuite you all to solemnize my ho-  
nour'd nuptials.

*Lysand.* Can this be credited!

*Thar.* Good brother doe not you enuie my fortunate at-  
chicement.

*Lysand.* Nay I euer said, the attempt was commendable.

*Thar.* Good.

*Lysand.* If the issue were successfull.

*Thar.* A good state-conclusion, happie euent make good  
the worst attempts. Here are your widdow-vowes lister;  
thus are yee all in your pure naturalls; certaine morall dis-  
guises of coineffe, which the ignorant cal modestie, ye bor-

*The Widdowes Teares.*

row of art to couer your buske points ; which a blunt and resolute encounter, taken vnder a fortunate aspect, easily disarmes you off; and then alas what are you? poore naked sinners, God wot : weake paper walls thrust downe with a finger ; this is the way on t, boile their appetites to a full height of lust; and then take them downe in the nicke.

*Cynth.* Is there probabilitie in this; that a Ladie so great, so vertuous, standing on so high termes of honour, should so soone stoope?

*Thar.* You would not wonder sister, if you knew the lure shee stoo'pt at: greatnesse? thinke you that can curb affection; no, it whets it more; they haue the full streame of bloud, to beare them: the sweet gale of their sublim'd spirits to driue them: the calme of ease to prepare them: the sun-shine of fortune to allure them: Greatnesse to waite them safe through all Rocks of infamie: when youth, wit, and person come aboard once, tell me sister, can you chuse but hoise saile, and put forward to the maine?

*Lyfand.* But let me wonder at this frailtie yet; would shee in so short time weare out his memorie, so soon wipe from her eies, nay, from her heart, whom I my selfe, and this whole Ile besides, still remember with grieffe, the impression of his losse taking worthily such roote in vs; howe thinke you Wife?

*Cynth.* I am asham'd ant, and abhorre to thinke,  
So great and vow'd a patterne of our sexe,  
Should take into her thoughts, nay to her bed,  
(O staine to woman-hood) a second loue.

*Lyc.* In so short time.

*Cynth.* In any time.

*Lyfand.* No wife.

*Cynth.* By Iuno no; sooner a lothsom Tode.

*Thar.* High words beleeue me, and I thinke sheele keep them; next turne is yours Nephew; you shall now marrie my noblest Ladie-Daughter; the first marriage in *Paphos*; next my nuptialls shall be yours; these are strange occur-

rents



rents brother, but pretie and patheticall: if you see mee in my chaire of Honour; and my Countesse in mine armes; you will then belecue, I hope, I am Lord of the Palace, then shall you trie my great Ladies entertainment; see your handes free'd of mee, and mine taking you to advancement.

*Lysand.* Well, all this rids not my businesse; wife you shall bee there to partake the v unexpected honour of our House. *Lycus*, and I will make it our recreation by the way, to thinke of your Reuells and Nuptiall sports; Brother my stay hath beene for you; Wife pray thee bee gone, and soone prepare for the solemnitie, a Moneth returnes mee.

*Cynth.* Heauens guide your iourney.

*Lysand.* Fare-will.

*Thar.* Fare-well Nephew; prosper in virilitie, but doe you heare; keepe your hand from your voice, I haue a part for you in our Hymeneall shew.

*Hyl.* You speake too late for my voice, but Ile discharge the part.

*Exit. Cyn. Hyl.*

*Lysand.* Occurrents call yee them; foule shame confound them all; that impregnable Fort of chastitie and loyaltie, that amazement of the world; O yee Deities could nothing restraine her? I tooke her spirit to bee too haughtie for such a depression.

*Thar.* But who commonly more short heeld; then they that are high 'ith in-slep.

*Lysand.* Mee thinkes yet shame should haue controul'd so sodaine an appetite.

*Thar.* Tush, shame doth extingnish lust as oile doth fire. The blood once het, shame doth enflame the more, What they before, by art dissembled most They act more freely; shame once found is lost;

And to say truth Brother; what shame is due to't? or what congruence doth it carrie, that a yong Ladie, Gallant, Vigorous, full of Spirit, and Complexion; her appetite newe whetted with Nuptiall delights;

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to be confind to the speculation of a deaths head, or for the losse of a husband, the world affording flesh enough, make the noone-tide of her yeares; the sunne-set of her pleasures.

*Lyc.* And yet there haue been such women.

*Thar.* Of the first stamp perhaps, when the mettall was purer then in these degenerate daies; of later yeares, much of that coine hath beene counterfeit, and besides so crackt and worne with vse, that they are growne light, and indeede fit for nothing, but to be turn'd ouer in play.

*Lysand.* Not all brother.

*Thar.* My matchlesse sister only excepted: for shee, you know is made of an other mettall, then that shee borrow'd of her mother. But doe you brother sadly intend the pursuite of this triall?

*Lysand.* Irreuocably.

*Thar.* Its a high proiect: if it be once rais'd, the earth is too weake to beare so waightie an accident, it cannot bee coniur'd downe againe, without an earth-quake, therefore beleue shee will be constant.

*Lysand.* No, I will not.

*Thar.* Then beleue shee will not be constant.

*Lysand.* Neither, I will beleue nothing but what triall enforces; will you hold your promise for the gouerning of this proiect with skill, and secrecie?

*Thar.* If it must needes bee so. But hearke you brother; haue you no other Capricions in your head to intrap my sister in her frailtie, but to proue the firmenesse of her widdow vowes after your suppos'd death.

*Lysand.* None in the world.

*Thar.* Then here's my hand, Ile be as close, as my Ladies shoe to her foote that pinches and pleases her, and will beare on with the plot, till the vessell split againe.

*Lysand.* Forge any death, so you can force beliefe. Say I was poison'd, drown'd.

*Thar.* Hang'd.

*Lysand.* Any thing, so you assist it with likely circumstance,

*A Comedie.*

I neede not instruct you : that must bee your imploiment  
*Lycus.*

*Lyc.* Well Sir.

*Thar.* But brother you must set in to; to countenance truth out, a herse there must be too; Its strange to thinke how much the cie preuailes in such impressions; I haue marckt a Widdow, that iust before was seene pleasant enough, follow an emptie herse, and weepe deuoutly.

*Lyc.* All those thinges leaue to me.

*Lysan.* But brother for the bestowing of this herse in the monument of our Familie, and the marshalling of a Funerall.

*Thar.* Leaue that to my care, and if I doe not doe the mourner, as liuely as your Heire, and weepe as lustily as your Widdow, say there's no vertue in Onions; that being done, Ile come to visit the distressed widdow; apply old ends of comfort to her grieve, but the burden of my song shall be to tell her wordes are but dead comforts; and therefore counsaile her to take a liuing comfort; that might Ferrit out the thought of her dead husband, and will come prepar'd with choise of suiters; either my Spartane Lord for grace at the Vicerioies Court, or some great Lawyer that may soder vp her crackt estate, and so forth. But what would you say brother, if you should finde her married at your arriuall.

*Lysand.* By this hand split her Wezand.

*Thar.* Well, forget not your wager, a stately chariot with foure braue Horses of the Thracian breede, with all appurtenances. Ile prepare the like for you, if you proue Victor; but well remembred, where will you lurke the whiles?

*Lysand.* Mewd vp close, some short daies journey hence, *Lycus* shall know the place, write still how all things passe, brother adiew; all ioy attend you.

*Thar.* Will you not stay our nuptiall now so neare.

*Lysand.* I should be like a man that heares a tale

And heedes it not; one absent from himselfe, my wife



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shall attend the Countesse, and my Sonne.

*Thar.* Whom you shal here at your returne call me father,  
adiew : *Ioue* be your speede.

My Nuptials done, your Funeralls succeed. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Argus barehead*

*Arg.* **A** Hall, a hall : who's without there? *Enter  
two or three with cushions.*

Come on, y'are proper Groomes, are yee not ? Slight I  
thinke y'are all Bridegroomes, yee take your pleasures so.  
A companie of dormice. Their Honours are vpon com-  
ming, and the roome not readie. Rushes and seates in-  
stantly.

*Thar.* Now, alas fellow *Argus*, how thou art comberd  
with an office?

*Arg.* Perfume firrha, the roome's dampish.

*Thar.* Nay you may leaue that office to the Ladies, theyle  
perfume it sufficiently.

*Arg.* Cry mercie Sir, here's a whole *Chorus* of *Syluans*  
at hand, cornetting, & tripping ath' toe, as the ground they  
trod on were too hot for their feete. The deuice is rare ;  
and there's your yong Nephew too, he hangs in the clouds  
Deified with *Hymens* shape.

*Thar.* Is he perfect in's part ? has not his tongue learn'd of  
the *Syluans* to trip ath' Toe?

*Arg.* Sir, belecue it, he does it pretiously for accent and  
action, as if hee felt the part he plaid : hee rauishes all the  
yong Wenches in the Palace : Pray *Venus* my yong Ladie  
*Laodice* haue not some little prick of *Cupid* in her, shee's so  
diligent at's rehearsalls.

*Thar.* No force, so my next voves be heard, that if *Cupid*  
haue prickt her, *Hymen* my cure her.

*Arg.* You meane your Nephew Sir that presents *Hymen*.

*Thar.* Why so, I can speake nothing but thou art with in  
me : fie of this wit of thine, 'twill be thy destruction. But  
howsoeuer you please to vnderstand, *Hymen* send the boy.

no worse fortune : And where's my Ladies honour ?

*Arg.* At hand Sir, with your vnparagond sister, please you take your chaire of Honour Sir?

*Thar.* Most seruiceable *Argus*, the Gods reward thy seruice; for I will not.

*Enter Endora, leading Cynthia, Laodice, Sthenio,  
Ianthé, Ero, with others  
following.*

*End.* **C**ome sister, now we must exchange that name  
For stranger Titles, let's dispose our selues

To entertaine these *Syluane* Reuellers.

That come to grace our loued Nuptials,

I feare me we must all turne Nymphs to night,

To side those sprightly wood-Gods in their dances ;

Can you doe't nimbly sister ? slight what aile you, are you not well ?

*Cynth.* Yes Madam.

*End.* But your lookes, mee thinkes, are cloudie ; suiting  
all the Sunne-shine of this cleare honour to your husbands  
house.

Is there ought here that sorts not with your liking ?

*Thar.* Blame her not Mistris, if her lookes shew care.

Excuse the Merchants sadnesse that hath made

A doubtfull venture of his whole estate ;

His liuelyhood, his hopes, in one poore bottome,

To all encounters of the Sea and stormes.

Had you a husband that you lou'd as well,

Would you not take his absent plight as ill ?

Caull at euery fancie ? Not an obiect

That could present it selfe, but it would forge

Some vaine obiection, that did doubt his safetie ;

True loue is euer full of ieaousie.

*End.* Iealous ? of what ? of euery little Iourney ?

Meere fancie then is wanton ; and doth cast

At those slight dangers there, too doting glances ;

*The Widowes Teares.*

Misgiuing mindes euer prouoke mischances :

Shines not the Sunne in his way bright as here ?

Is not the aire as good ? what hazard doubt you ?

*Arg.* His horse may stumble if it please your Honour ;

The raine may wet, the winde may blow on him ;

Many shrewd hazards watch poore trauailers.

*End.* True, and the shrewdest thou hast reckon vs.

Good sister, these cares fit yong married wiues.

*Cynth.* Wiues should be stil yong in their husbands loues.

Time beares no Sythe should bear down them before him.

Our liues he may cut short, but not our loues.

*Thar.* Sister be wise, and ship not in one Barke,

All your abilitie : if he miscarrie,

Your well tried wisdome should looke ont for new.

*Cynth.* I wish them happie windes that runne that course,

From me tis farre ; One Temple seal'd our troth.

One Tomb, one houre shall end, and shroud vs both.

*Thar.* Well, y'are a *Phœnix*, there be that your cheere

Loue, with your husband be, your wisdome here.

Hearke, our sports challenge it ; Sit dearest Mistris.

*End.* Take your place worthiest seruant.

*Thar.* Serue me heauen. *Musique.*

As I my heavenly Mistris, Sit rare sister.

*Musique :* *Hymen* descends ; and sixe *Syluanes* enter beneath, with Torches.

*Arg.* A hall, a hall : let no more Citizens in there.

*Laod.* O, Not my Cosen see ; but *Hymens* selfe.

*Sibe.* He does become it most enflamingly.

*Hym.* Haile honor'd Bridegroom, and his Princely bride.

With the most fam'd for vertue, *Cynthia* ;

And this yong Ladie, bright *Laodice*,

One rich hope of this noblest Familie.

*Sibe.* Hearke how he courts : he is enamour'd too.

*Laod.* O grant it *Venus*, and be euer honour'd.

*Hym.* In grace and loue of you, I *Hymen* searcht

The groues and thickets that embrace this Palace

With this clear-flam'd, and good aboding Torch.



*A Comedie.*

For summons of these fresh and flowrie *Syluans*,  
To this faire presence; with their winding Haies,  
Active and Antique dances to delight  
Your frolick eies, and helpe to celebrate  
These noblest nuptialls; which great Destinie,  
Ordain'd past custome and all vulgar object  
To be the readuancement of a house,  
Noble and Princely, and restore this Palace  
To that name, that sixe hunderd Summers since  
Was in possession of this Bridegroomes Ancetors,  
The ancient and most vertue-fam'd *Lysandri*:  
*Syluans*! the Courtships you make to your Dryads;  
Vse to this great Bride, and these other Dames,  
And heighten with your sports, my nuptiall flames.  
*Laod.* O would himselfe descend, and me command.

*Sthe.* Dance; and his heart catch in an others hand.

*Syluans*, take out the Bride and the rest: They dance,  
after which, and all set in their places.

*Hymen.*

*Hym.* Now, what the Power and my Torches influence  
Hath in the blessings of your Nuptiall ioyes  
(Great Bride and Bridegroome) you shall amply part  
Betwixt your free loues, and forgoe it neuer.

*Om.* Thanks to great *Hymen*, and faire *Syluanes* euer.

*Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus Tertij.*

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*Actus Quarti.*

*Scœna Prima.*

*Tharsalio*, *Lycus*, with his Arme in a skarfe, a night-  
cap on's head.

*Lyc.* I Hope Sir by this time.

*Thar.* Put on man, by our selues.

*Lyc.* The edge of your confidence is well taken off;  
would you not bee content to with-draw your

G. 3.

wager?

*The Widdowes Teares.*

wager?

*Thar.* Faith fellow *Lycus*, if my wager were weakely built, this vnexpected accident might stagger it. For the truth is, this strain is extraordinarie, to follow her husbands bodie into the Tombe, and there for his companie to burie her selfe quick: it's new and stirring, but for all this, Ile not despaire of my wager.

*Lyc.* Why Sir, can you thinke such a passion dissembl'd?

*Thar.* All's one for that, What I thinke I thinke; In the meane time forget not to write to my Brother, how the plot hath succeeded, that the newes of his death hath taken; a funerall solemnitie perform'd, his suppos'd Corse bestow'd in the monument of our Familie, thou and I horrible mourners; But aboue all that his intollerable vertuous Widow, for his loue; and (for her loue) *Ero* her hand-maid, are discended with his Corse into the vault; there wipe their eies time out of minde, drinke nothing but their own teares, and by this time are almost dead with famine. There's a point will sting it (for you say tis true) where left you him?

*Lyc.* At Dipolis Sir, some twentie miles hence.

*Thar.* He keepes close.

*Lyc.* I sir, by all meanes; skulks vnknowne vnder the name of a strange Knight.

*Thar.* That may carrie him without discrying, for there's a number of strange Knights abroad. You left him well.

*Lyc.* Well Sir, but for this iealous humour that hants him.

*Thar.* Well, this newes will absolutely purge that humor. Write all, forget not to describe her passion at thy discouerie of his slaughter: did shee performe it well for her husbands wager?

*Lyc.* Performe it, call you it? you may iest; men hunt Hares to death for their sports, but the poore beasts die in earnest: you wager of her passions for your pleasure, but shee takes little pleasure in those earnest passions. I neuer saw such an extasie of sorrow, since I knew the name of  
for

sorrow. Her hands flew vp to her head like Furies, hid all her beauties in her discheuel'd haire, & wept as she would turne fountaine. I would you and her husband had beene behind the Arras but to haue heard her. I assure you Sir, I was so transported with the spectacle, that in despite of my discretion, I was forc't to turne woman, and beare a part with her. Humanitie broke loose from my heart, and stream'd through mine eies.

*Thar.* In prose, thou weptst. So haue I seen many a moist Auditor doe at a play; when the storie was but a meere fiction: And didst at the Nuntius well, would I had heard it: couldst thou dresse thy lookes in a mournfull habite?

*Lyc.* Not without preparation Sir; no more then my speech, twas a plaine acting of an enterlude to me, to pronounce the part.

*Thar.* As how for heauens sake?

*Lyc.* *Phæbus* addrest his chariot towards the West To change his wearied Courfers, and so forth.

*Thar.* Nay on, and thou lou'st me.

*Lyc.* *Lysander* and my selfe beguile the way With enterchang'd discourse, but our chiefe Theame, Was of your dearest selfe, his honour'd wife; Your loue, your vertue, wondrous constancie.

*Thar.* Then was her Cu to whimper; on.

*Lyc.* When sodainly appear'd as far as sight A troope of horse, arm'd as we might descerne, With lauelines, Speares, and such accoutrements. He doubted nought (As Innocencie euer Is free from doubting ill.)

*Thar.* There dropt a teare.

*Lyc.* My minde misgaue me.

They might be mountaners. At their approach They vs'd no other language but their weapons, To tell vs what they were; *Lysander* drew, And bore him selfe *Achilles* like in fight, And as a Mower sweepes off t'heads of Bents, So did *Lysanders* sword shaue off the points.



*The Widdowes Teares.*

Of their assaulting lances.

His horse at last, sore hurt, fell vnder him;  
I seeing I could not rescue, vs'd my spurres  
To flie away.

*Thar.* What from thy friend?

*Lyc.* I in a good quarrell, why not?

*Thar.* Good; I am answer'd.

*Lyc.* A lance pursued me, brought me back againe;  
And with these wounds left me t'accompanie

*Dying Lysander:* Then they rifl'd vs,  
And left vs.

They gone; my breath not yet gone, gan to striue

And reuiue sense: I with my feeble ioynts

Crawl'd to *Lysander*, stirr'd him, and withall

He gaspt; cried *Cynthia!* and breath'd no more.

*Thar.* O then shee howl'd out right.

*Lyc.* Passengers came and in a Chariot brought vs  
Streight to a Neighbour Towne; where I forthwith  
Coffind my friend in leade; and so conuaid him  
To this sad place.

*Thar.* 'Twas well; and could not show but strangely.

*Lyc.* Well Sir, This tale pronounc't with terrour, suited  
with action clothed with such likely circumstance; My  
wounds in shew, her husbands herse in sight, thinke what  
effect it wrought: And if you doubt, let the sad conse-  
quence of her retreat to his Tombe, bee your wofull in-  
strueter.

*Thar.* For all this, Ile not despaire of my wager: These  
Griues that sound so lowd, proue alwaies light,  
True sorrow euermore keepes out of sight.

This straine of mourning with Sepulcher, like an ouer-do-  
ing Actor, affects grossly, and is indeede so farre forc't from  
the life, that it bewraies it selfe to be altogether artificiall.  
To set open a shop of mourning! 'Tis palpable.

Truth, the substance, hunts not after the shadow of popular  
Fame. Her officious ostentation of sorrow condemnes her  
sinceritie. When did euer woman mourne so vnmeasura-  
bly

bly, but shee did dissemble?

*Lyc.* O Gods! a passion thus borne; thus apparell'd with teares, sighes, frownings, and all the badges of true sorrow, to be dissembl'd! by *Venus* I am sorrie I euer set foot in't. Could shee, if shee dissembl'd, thus dally with hunger, be deafe to the barking of her appetite, not hauing these foure daies relieu'd nature with one dramme of sustenance.

*Thar.* For this does shee looke to bee Deified, to haue Hymnes made of her, nay to her: The Tomb where she is to be no more reputed the ancient moniment of our Familie the *Lysandri*; but the new erected Altar of *Cynthia*: To which all the Paphian widdowes shall after their husbands Funeralls, offer their wet muckinders, for monuments of the danger they haue past, as Sea-men doe their wet garments at *Neptunes* Temple after a ship wracke.

*Lyc.* Well, Ile apprehend you, at your pleasure: I for my part will say; that if her faith bee as constant as her loue is heartie, and vnaffected, her vertues may iustly challenge a Deitie to enshrine them.

*Thar.* I, there's an other point too. But one of those vertues is enough at once. All natures are not capable of all gifts. If the braine of the West, were in the heads of the learned; then might Parish-Clerkes be common counsaile men, and Poets Aldermens deputies. My sister may turne *Niobe* for loue; but till *Niobe* bee turn'd to a Marble, Ile not despaire but shee may proue a woman. Let the triall runne on, if shee doe not out-runne it, Ile say Poets are no Prophets, Prognosticators are but Mountibankes, & none tell true but wood-mongers.

*Exit.*

*Lyc.* A sweet Gentleman you are. I meruaile what man? what woman? what name? what action doth his tongue glide ouer, but it leaues a slime vpon't. Well, Ile presently to *Dipolis*, where *Lysander* staies; and will not say but shee may proue fraile: But this Ile say, If she should chance to breake, Her teares are true, though womens truths are weak.

*Exit.*

*Enter*

## *The Widdowes Teares.*

*Enter Lyfander like a Souldier disguise at all parts, a halfe Pike, gorget, &c. he discouers the Tombe, lookes in and wonders, &c.*

**O** Miracle of nature ! womens glorie ;  
Mens shame ; and enuie of the Deities !  
Yet must these matchlesse creatures be suspected ;  
Accus'd ; condemn'd !  
Now by th'immortall Gods,  
They rather merit Altars , Sacrifice,  
Then loue and courtship.  
Yet see the Queene of these lies here interred ;  
Tearing her haire, and drowned in her teares.  
Which *Ioue* should turne to Christall ; and a Mirrour  
Make of them ; wherein men may see and wonder  
At womens vertues. Shall shee famish then ?  
Will men (without dissuasions) suffer thus  
So bright an Ornament to earth, tomb'd quick.  
In Earths darke bosome : Ho !  
Who's in the Tombe there ?

*Ero.* Who calls ? whence are you ?

*Lyf.* I am a Souldier of the watch and must enter.

*Ero.* Amongst the dead ?

*Lyf.* Doe the dead speake ? ope or Ile force it open.

*Ero.* What violence is this ? what seeke you here  
Where nought but death and her attendants dwell.

*Lyf.* What wretched soules are you that thus by night  
lurke here amongst the dead ?

*Ero.* Good Souldier doe not stirre her,  
Shee's weake , and quickly seiz'd with swowning and passions,  
and with much trouble shall we both recall her fainting spirits.

Five daies thus hath shee wasted ; and not once season'd  
her Pallate with the tast of meate ; her powers of life  
are spent ; and what remains of her famisht spirit, serues  
not to breath but sigh.

Shee hath exil'd her eies from sleepe, or sight, and giuen  
them wholly vp to ceaselesse teares ouer that ruthfull herse  
of



of her deare Spouse, slaine by Bauditos, Nobly borne  
*Lysander.*

*Lysand.* And hopes shee with these heauie notes and cries  
to call him from the dead? in these fīue daies hath shee but  
made him stirre a finger or fetch one gasp of that forsaken  
life shee mournes?

Come, honour'd Mistris; I admire your vertues;  
But must reprove this vaine excessse of mone;  
Rowse your selfe Ladie, and looke vp from death,  
Well said, tis well; stay by my hand and rise.  
This Face hath beene maintain'd with better huswiferie.

*Cyn.* What are you?

*Lys.* Ladie, I am Sentinell,  
Set in this hallowed place, to watch and guard  
On forfait of my life, these monuments  
From Rape, and spoil'd of sacrilegious handes,  
And saue the bodies, that without you see  
Of crucified offenders; that no friends  
May beare them hence, to honour'd buriall.

*Cyn.* Thou seem'st an honest Souldier; pray thee then  
Be as thou seem'st; betake thee to thy charge  
And leaue this place; adde not affliction  
To the afflicted.

*Lys.* You misname the children.  
For what you terme affliction now, in you  
Is but selfe-humour; voluntarie Penance  
Impos'd vpon your selfe: and you lament  
As did the *Satyre* once, that ran affrighted  
From that hornes sound that he himselfe had winded.  
Which humor to abate, my counsaile tending your term'd  
affliction,

What I for Phisicke giue, you take for poison.  
I tell you honour'd Mistris, these ingredients  
Are wholesome, though perhaps they seeme vntoothsome.

*Ero.* This Souldier sure, is some decaid' pothecarie.

*Lys.* Deere Ghost be wise, and pittie your faire selfe  
Thus, by your selfe vnnaturally afflicted:

*The widdowes Teares.*

Chide back, heart-breaking grones, clear vp those lamps,  
Restore them to their first creation:  
Windowes for light; not sluces made for teares.  
Beate not the senselesse aire with needlesse cries,  
Banefull to life, and bootlesse to the dead.  
This is the Inne, where all *Dencalions* race  
Sooner or later, must take vp their lodging;  
No priuiledge can free vs from this prison;  
No teares, no praiers, can redeeme from hence  
A captiu'd soule; Make vse of what you see:  
Let this affrighting spectacle of death  
Teach you to nourish life.

*Ero.* Good heare him: this is a rare Souldier.

*Lyfan.* Say that with abstinence you should vnlose the knot  
of life: Suppose that in this Tombe for your deare Speuse,  
you should entomb your selfe a liuing Corse; Say that be-  
fore your houre without due Summons from the Fates, you  
send your hastie soule to hell: can your deare Spouse take  
notice of your faith and constancie? Shall your deare  
Spouse reuiue to giue you thanks?

*Cynth.* Idle discourser.

*Lyfan.* No, your moanes are idle.

Goe to I say, be counsaill'd; raise your selfe:  
Enioy the fruits of life, there's viands for you,  
Now, liue for a better husband.  
No? will you none?

*Ero.* For loue of courtesie, good Mistris, eate,  
Doe not reiect so kinde and sweet an offer,  
Who knowes but this may be some *Mercurie*.  
Disguis'de, and sent from *Iuno* to relieue vs?  
Did euer any lend vnwilling eares  
To those that came with messages of life?

*Cynth.* I pray thee leaue thy Rhetorique.

*Ero.* By my soule; to speake plaine truth, I could ra-  
ther wish t'employ my teeth then my tongue, so your ex-  
ample would be my warrant.

*Cynth.* Thou hast my warrant.

*Lyfan.*

*A Comedie.*

*Lyfand.* Well then, eate my wench,  
Let obftinacie ftarue.

Fall to.

*Ero.* Perfwade my Miftis firft.

*Lyfand.* Slight tell me Ladie,  
Are you refolu'd to die? If that be fo,  
Chooſe not (for ſhame) a baſe, and beggars death:  
Die not for hunger, like a Spartane Ladie;  
Fall valiantly vpon a ſword, or drinke  
Noble death, expell your grieve with poiſon,  
There 'tis, ſeize it.-----Tuſh you dare not die.  
Come Wench thou haſt not loſt a huſband;  
Thou ſhalt eate, th'art now within  
The place where I command.

*Ero.* I proteſt ſir.

*Lyf.* Well ſaid; eate, and proteſt, or Ile proteſt  
And doe thou eate; thou eat'ſt againſt thy will,  
That's it thou would'ſt ſay.

*Ero.* It is.

*Lyf.* And vnder ſuch a proteſtation  
Thou loſt' thy Maiden-head.  
For your owne ſake good Ladie forget this huſband,  
Come you are now become a happy Widdow,  
A bleſſedneſſe that many would be glad of.  
That and your huſbands Inuentorie together,  
Will raiſe you vp huſbands enow.  
What thinke you of me?

*Cynth.* Triſſer, purſue this wanton Theame no further;  
Leſt (which I would be loth) your ſpeech prouoke  
Vnciuill language from me; I muſt tell you,  
One ioynt of him I loſt, was much more worth  
Then the rackt valew of thy entire bodie.

*Ero.* O know what ioynt ſhee meanes.

*Lyf.* Well, I haue done.

And well done frailtie; proface, how lik'ſt thou it.

*Ero.* Very toothſome Ingrediens ſurely ſir,  
Want but ſome lycor to incorporate them.



*The widowes Teares.*

*Lys.* There tis, carouse.

*Ero.* I humbly thanke you Sir.

*Lys.* Hold pledge me now.

*Ero.* Tis the poison Sir,

That preserues life, I take it.

*bibit Ancill.*

*Lys.* Doe so, take it.

*Ero.* Sighing has made me something short-winded.

Ile pledge y<sup>e</sup> at twice.

*Lys.* Tis well done; doe me right.

*Ero.* I pray sir, haue you beene a Pothecarie?

*Lys.* Marrie haue I wench; A womans Pothecarie.

*Ero.* Haue you good Ingredients?

I like your Bottle well. Good Mistris tast it.

Trie but the operation, twill fetch vp

The Roses in your cheekes againe.

Doctor *Verolles* bottles are not like it;

There's no *Guaicum* here, I can assure you.

*Lys.* This will doe well anone.

*Ero.* Now fie vpon't.

O I haue lost my tongue in this same lymbo.

The spring ants, spoil'd me thinkes; it goes not off

With the old twange.

*Lys.* Well said wench, oile it well; twill make it slide well.

*Ero.* *Aristotle* saies sir, in his Posterionds.

*Lys.* This wench is learned; And what saies he?

*Ero.* That when a man dies, the last thing that moues is his heart, in a woman her tongue.

*Lys.* Right; and addes further, that you women are a kind of spinners; if their legs be pluckt off, yet still they'le wag them; so will you your tongues.

With what an easie change does this same weaknesse

Of women, slip from one extreame t' another?

All these attractions take no hold of her;

No not to take refection; 'T must not be thus.

Well said wench; Tickle that Helicon.

But shall we quit the field with this disgrace

Giuen to our Oratorie? Both not gaine

*A Comedie.*

So much ground of her as to make her eate?

*Ero.* Faith the truth is sir; you are no fit Organe  
For this businesse;

Tis quite out of your Element:

Let vs alone, sheele eate I haue no feare;

A womans tongue best fits a womans eare.

*Ioue* neuer did employ *Mercurie*,

But *Iris* for his Messenger to *Iuno*.

*Lys.* Come, let me kisse thee wench; wilt vndertake  
To make thy Mistris eate?

*Ero.* It shall goe hard Sir

But I will make her turne flesh and bloud,  
And learne to liue as other mortalls doe.

*Lys.* Well said: the morning hasts; next night expect me.

*Ero.* With more prouision good Sir.

*Lys.* Very good.

*Exiturus.*

*Ero.* And bring more wine. *Shee shuts up the Tomb.*

*Lys.* What else; shalt haue enough:

O *Cynthia*, heire of her bright puritie,

Whose name thou dost inherit; Thow disdainst

(Seuer'd from all concretion) to feede

Vpon the base foode of grosse Elements.

Thou all art soule; All immortalitie.

Thou fasts for *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*,

Which till thou find'st, and eat'st about the starres;

To all foode here thou bidd'st celestiall warrs.

*Exit.*

*Cynthia, Ero, the Tomb opening.*

*Ero.* So; lets aire our dampish spirits, almost stiff'd in this  
grose muddie Element.

*Cyn.* How sweet a breath the calmnesse of the night in-  
spires the aire withall?

*Ero.* Well said; Now y'are your selfe: did not I tell you  
how sweet an operation the Souldiers bottle had? And if  
there be such vertue in the bottle; what is there in the  
Souldier? know, and acknowledge his worth when hee  
comes in any case Mistris.

*Cyn.* So Maide.

*Ero.*

*The Widdowes Teares.*

*Ero.* Gods my patience? did you looke forsooth that *Inno* should haue sent you meate from her owne Trencher, in reward of your widdowes teares? you might sit and sigh first till your heart-strings broke, Ile able't.

*Cyn.* I feare me thy lips haue gone so oft to the bottle, that thy tongue-strings are come broken home.

*Ero.* Faith the truth is, my tongue hath beene so long tied vp, that tis couer'd with rust, & I rub it against my pallat, as wee doe suspected coines, to trie whether it bee currant or no. But now Mistris for an vpsot of this bottle; let's haue one carouse to the good speede of my old Master, and the good speede of my new.

*Cyn.* So Damzell.

*Ero.* You must pledge it, here's to it. Doe me right I pray.

*Cyn.* You say I must.

*Ero.* Must? what else?

*Cyn.* How excellent ill this humour suites our habite?

*Ero.* Go to Mistris, do not thinke but you and I shall haue good sport with this iest, when we are in priuate at home. I would to *Venus* we had some honest shift or other to get off withall; for Ile no more ant; Ile not turne Salt-peeter in this vault for neuer a mans companie liuing; much lesse for a womans. Sure I am the wonder's ouer, and 'twas on-ly for that, that I endur'd this; and so a my conscience did you. Neuer denie it.

*Cyn.* Nay pray thee take it to thee.

*Enter Lysander.*

*Cyn.* **H** Earke I heare some footing neare vs.

*Ero.* Gods me 'tis the Souldier Mistris, by *Venus* if you fall to your late black *Santus* againe, Ile discouer you.

*Lys.* What's here? The maid hath certainly preuail'd with her; mee thinkes those cloudes that last night couer'd her lookes are now disperst: Ile trie this further. Saue you Lady.

*Ero.* Honorable Souldier? y'are welcome; please you step in sir?

*Lys.* With all my heart sweet heart; by your patience La-  
die; why this beares some shape of life yet. Damzell, th'ast  
per-



performd a seruice of high reckoning, which cannot perish vnrewarded.

*Ero.* Faith Sir, you are in the way to doe it once, if you haue the heart to hold on.

*Cyn.* Your bottle has poisond this wench sir.

*Lys.* A wholsome poison it is Ladie, if I may be iudge; of which sort here is one better bottle more.

Wine is ordaind to raise such hearts as sinke,

Whom wofull starres dislemper; let him drinke.

I am most glad I haue beene some meane to this part of your recouerie, and will drinke to the rest of it.

*Ero.* Goe to Mistris, pray simper no more; pledge the man of Warre here.

*Cyn.* Come y'are too rude.

*Ero.* Good.

*Lys.* Good sooth Ladie y'are honour'd in her seruice; I would haue you liue, and shee would haue you liue freely; without which life is but death. To liue freely is to feast our appetites freely; without which humanes are stones; to the satisfaction whereof I drinke Ladie.

*Cyn.* Ile pledge you Sir.

*Ero.* Said like a Mistris; and the Mistris of your selfe; pledge him in loue too: I see hee loues you; Shee's silent, shee consents sir.

*Lys.* O happy starres. And now pardon Ladie; me thinks these are all of a peece.

*Ero.* Nay if you kisse all of a peece wee shall n'ere haue done: Well twas well offer'd, and as well taken.

*Cyn.* If the world should see this.

*Lys.* The world! should one so rare as your selfe, respect the vulgar world?

*Cyn.* The praise I haue had, I would continue.

*Lys.* What of the vulgar? Who hates not the vulgar, deserves not loue of the vertuous. And to affect praise of that we despise, how ridiculous it is?

*Ero.* Comfortable doctrine Mistris, edifie, edifie.

Me thinks euen thus it was when *Dido*

*The Widdowes Teares:*

And *Aeneas* met in the Caue; And hearke  
Me thinks I heare some of the hunters. *She shuts the tomb.*  
*Finis Actus Quartij.*

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*Actus Quinti.*

*Scœna Prima:*

*Enter Tharsalia, Lycus.*

*Lyc.* **T**Is such an obstinacie in you Sir,  
As neuer was conceived, to runne on  
With an opinion against all the world,  
And what your eies may witnes; to aduēturo  
The famishment for grieſe of such a woman  
As all mens merits met in any one,  
Could not deserue.

*Thar.* I must confesse it *Lycus*;  
Weele therefore now preuent it if we may,  
And that our curious triall hath not dwelt  
Too long on this vnnecessarie hant:  
Grieſe, and all want of foode; not hauing wrought  
Too mortally on her diuine disposure.

*Lyc.* I feare they haue, and ſhee is past our cure.

*Thar.* I must confesse with feare and shame as much.

*Lyc.* And that ſhee will not trust in any thing  
What you perswade her to.

*Thar.* Then thou shalt haſt  
And call my brother from his ſecret ſhroude,  
Where he appointed thee to come and tell him  
How all thinges haue ſucceeded.

*Lyc.* This is well.

If (as I ſay) the ill be not ſo growne,  
That all help is denied her. But I feare

The matchleſſe Deme is famiſht. *Thar. looks into the tomb.*

*Thar.* Slight, whoſe here?

A Souldier with my ſiſter? wipe, wipe, ſee

*Kiſſing*

Kissing by *Ione*; shee, as I lay tis shee:

*Lyc.* What? is shee well Sir?

*Thar.* O no, shee is famisht;

Shee's past our comfort, shee lies drawing on.

*Lyc.* The Gods forbid.

*Thar.* Looke thou, shee's drawing on.

How saist thou?

*Lyc.* Drawing on? Illustrious witchcrafts.

*Thar.* Lies shee not drawing on?

*Lyc.* Shee drawes on fairely.

Our sister Sir? This shee? can this be shee?

*Thar.* She, she, she, and none but she. *He dances & sings.*

Shee only Queene of loue, and chastitie,

O chastitie; This women be.

*Lyc.* Slight tis prodigious. *Thar.* Horse, horse, horse,

Foure Chariot Horses of the Thracian breede,

Come, bring me brother. O the happiest euening,

That euer drew her vaile before the Sunne.

Who is't canst tell?

*Lyc.* The Souldier Sir that watches

The bodies crucified in this hallow'd place.

Of which to lose one, it is death to him,

And yet the lustfull knaue is at his Venerie,

While one might steale one.

*Thar.* What a slaue was I

That held not out my windes strength constantly,

That shee would proue thus? O incredible?

A poore eight-pennie Souldier? Shee that lately

Was at such height of interiection,

Stoope now to such a base coniunction?

By heauen I wonder now I see't in act,

My braine could euer dreame of such a thought,

And yet, tis true: Rare, pereles, is't not *Lycus*?

*Lyc.* I know not what it is; Ner what to say.

*Thar.* O had I held out (villaine that I was,)

My blessed confidence but one minute longer,

I should haue beene eternis'd. Gods my fortune,



*The widdowes Teares.*

What an vnspeakable sweet sight it is?

O eies Ile sacrifice to your deare sense.

And consecrate a Phane to Confidence.

*Lyc.* But this you must at no hand tell your brother.

Twill make him mad: For he that was before

So seurg'd but only with bare ieaiousie.

What would he be, if he should come to know it?

*Thar.* He would be lesse mad: for your only way

To cleare his ieaiousie, is to let him know it.

When knowledge comes suspicion vanishes.

The Suane-blames breaking forth swallow the mists.

But as for you Sir Gallant; howsoeuer

Your banquet seemes sweet in your lycorous pallat,

It shall be sure to turne gall in your maw.

Thy hand a little *Lycus* here without.

*Lyc.* To what?

*Thar.* No bootie serue you sir Soldado

But my poore sister? Come, lend me thy shoulder,

Ile climbe the crosse; it will be such a cooler

To my Venercan Gentlemans hot liuer,

When he shall finde one of his crucified bodies

Stolne downe, and he to be forthwith made fast

In place thereof, for the signe

Of the lost Sentinell. Come glorifie

Firme Confidence in great Inconstancie.

And this belecue (for all prou'd knowledge sweares)

He that beleuees in errour, neuer errs.

*Exeunt.*

*The Tomb opens, Lysander, Cynthia, Ero.*

*Lys.* Tis late; I must away.

*Cyn.* Not yet sweet loue.

*Lys.* Tempt not my stay, tis dangerous. The law is strict,  
and not to bee dispent with. If any Sentinell be too late  
in's watch, or that by his neglect one of the crucified bo-  
dies should be stolen from the crosse, his life buyes it.

*Cyn.* A little stay will not endanger them,

The daies proclainer has not yet giuen warning.

The Cock yet has not beate his third alarme.

*Lys.*

*Lys.* What? shall we euer dwell here amongst th' Antipodes? Shall I not enioy the honour of my fortune in publike? sit in *Lysanders* chaire? Raigne in his wealth?

*Cyn.* Thou shalt, thou shalt; though my loue to thee Hath prou'd thus sodaine and for hast leapt ouer The complement of wooing, Yet only for the worlds opiaion.

*Lys.* Marke that againe.

*Cyn.* I must maintaine a forme in parting hence.

*Lys.* Out vpon'r, Opinion the blind Goddesse of Fooles, Foe to the vertuous; and only friend to vnderferuing persons, contemne it. Thou know'st thou hast done vertuously; thou hast strangely sorrow'd for thy husband, follow'd him to death; further thou could'st not, thou hast buried thy selfe quick. (O that 'twere true) spent more teares ouer his carcase, then would serue a whole Citie of saddest widdowes in a plague time; besides sighings, and swownings, not to be credited.

*Cyn.* True; but those complements might haue their time for fashion sake.

*Lys.* Right, Opinion and Fashion. S'root what call you time? t' hast wept these foure whole daies.

*Ero.* Nay berladie almost fise.

*Lys.* Looke you there; nere vpon fise whole daies.

*Cyn.* Well goe and see; Returne, wee le goe home.

*Lys.* Hell be thy home, Huge Monsters damne yee, and your whole creation, O yee Gods; in the height of her mourning in a Tomb, within sight of so many deaths! her husbands belecu'd bodie in her cie. He dead, a few daies before; this mirror of Nuptiall chastitie; this Votresse of widdow-constancie: to change her faith; exchange kisses, embraces, with a stranger; and but my shame with-stood, to giue the vmost earnest of her loue, to an eight-pennie Sentinell: in effect, to prostitute her selfe vpon her husbands Coffin! Lust, impietic, hell, womanhood it selfe, adde if you can one step to this.

*Enter Capitaine with two or three Souldiers.*

*Cap.* **O** Ne of the crucified bodies taken downe!

*Lys.* Enough. *(Snicks away.)*

*Cap.* And the Sentinell not to be heard off?

*I.* No sir.

*The Widdowes Teares.*

*Cap.* Make out; hast, search about for him; does none of you know him? nor his name?

2. Hee's but a stranger here of some foure daies standing; and we neuer set eie on him, but at setting the watch.

*Cap.* For whom serues he? you looke well to your watch matters.

1. For *Seigneur Stratio*, and whence he is, tis ignorant to vs; we are not correspondent for any, but our owne places.

*Cap.* Y'are eloquent. Abroad I say, let me haue him. *Exeunt.* This negligence will by the Gouvernour be wholly cast on me, he hereby will suggest to the Viceroy, that the Citie guards are very carelesly attended. He loues mee not I know; because of late I knew him but of meane condition; but now by fortunes iniudicious hand, guided by bribing Courtiers, hee is rais'd to this high seate of honour. Nor blushes he, to see him selfe aduanc't ouer the heads of ten times higher worths; but takes it all forsooth, to his merits; and lookes (as all vpstarts doe) for most huge obseruance. Well, my mind must sloop to his high place, and learne within it selfe to seuer him from that, and to adore Authoritie the Goddesse, how euer borne by an vnworthie beast; and let the Beasts dull apprehension take the honour done to *Isis*, done to himselfe. I must sit fast, and be sure to giue no hold to these fault-hunting enemies. *Exit.*

*Tomb opens, and Lysander within lies along.*

*Cynthia and Ero.*

*Lys.* Pray thee disturbe me not; put out the lights.

*Ero.* Faith Ile take a nap againe.

*Cyn.* Thou shalt not rest before I be resolu'd  
What happy winde hath driuen thee back to harbour?  
Was it my loue?

*Lys.* No.

*Cyn.* Yet say so (sweet) that with the thought thereof I may enioy all that I wish in earth.

*Lys.* I am sought for. A crucified body is stolne while I loiter'd here; and I must die for't,

*Cyn.* Die? All the Gods forbid; O this affright torments me ten parts more then the sad losse of my deare husband.

*Lys.* (Damnation) I beleecue thee.

*Cyn.*



*A Comedie.*

*Cyn.* Yet heare a womans wit,  
Take counsaile of Necessitie and it.  
I haue a bodie here which once I lou'd  
And honour'd aboue all; but that time's past.

*Lys.* It is, reuenge it heauen.

*Cyn.* That shall supply at so extrem a need the vacant Gibbet.

*Lys. Canero.* What? thy husbands bodie?

*Cyn.* What hurt is't, being dead it saue the liuing?

*Lys.* O heart hold in, check thy rebellious motion.

*Cyn.* Vexe not thy selfe deare loue, nor vse delay.

Tempt not this danger; set thy handes to worke.

*Lys.* I can not doo't; my heart will not permit

My handes to execute a second murther.

The truth is I am he that slew thy husband.

*Cyn.* The Gods forbid.

*Lys.* It was this hand that bath'd my reeking sword

In his life bloud, while he cried out for mercie,

But I remorselesse, panch't him, cut his throat;

He with his last breath crying, *Cynthia.*

*Cyn.* O thou hast told me newes that cleaues my heart;

Would I had neuer seene thee, or heard sooner

This bloudie storie; yet see, note my truth

Yet I must loue thee.

*Lys.* Out vpon the Monster.

Goe, tell the Gouvernour; Let me be brought

To die for that most famous villanie;

Not for this triking base transgression

Of tenant negligence.

*Cyn.* I can not doo't:

Loue must saue any murther: Ile be iudge

Of thee deare loue, and these shall be thy paines

In steede of yron, to suffer these soft chaines.

*Lys.* O I'am infinitely oblig'd.

*Cyn.* Arise I say, thou sauer of my life.

Doc not with vaine-affrighting conscience

Betray a life, that is not thine but mine:

Rise and preserue it. *Lys.* Ha? thy husbands bodie?

Hang't vp you say, in steede of that that's stolne;

*Yet.*

*The Widdowes Teares.*

Yet I his murtherer, is that your meaning?

*Cyn.* It is my Loue. *Lys.* Thy loue amazes me,

The point is yet how we shall get it thither,

Ha? Tie a halter about's necke, and dragge him to the Gallowes: shall I my loue?

*Cyn.* So you may doe indeede,

Or if your owne strength will not serue, wee'll aide

Our handes to yours, and beare him to the place.

For heauens loue come, the night goes off apace.

*Lys.* All the infernall plagues dwell in thy soule;

Ile fetch a crow of yron to breake the coffin.

*Cyn.* Doe loue, be speedie.

*Lys.* As I wish thy damnation.

*Shut the Tomb.*

O I could teare my selfe into Atomes; off with this Antick, the shirt that *Hercules* wore for his wife, was not more bane-full. Is't possible there should be such a latitude in the Sphere of this sexe, to entertaine such an extention of mischief, and not turne Deuill. What is a woman? what are the worst when the best are so past naming? As men like this let them trie their wiues againe. Put women to the test; discouer them; paint them, paint them ten parts more then they doe themselves, rather then looke on them as they are; Their wits are but painted that dislike their painting. Thou foolish thirster after idle secrets, And ill's abroad; looke home, and store & choke thee; There sticks an Achelons horne of all, Copie enough.

As much as Alizon of streames receiues,

Or lostie Ilea shoues of shadie leaues.

*Enter Tharsalio.*

Who's that?

*Thar.* I wonder *Lycus* failes me. Nor can I heare whats become of him. Hee would not certaine ride to Dipolis to call my brother back, without my knowledge.

*Lys.* My brothers voice; what makes he here abouts so vntimely? Ile slip him.

*Exiturus.*

*Thar.* Who goes there? *Lys.* A friend.

*Thar.* Deare friend, lets know you. A friend least look't for but most welcome, and with many a long looke expected here. What sir vnbooted? haue you beene long arriu'd?

*Lys.* Not long, some two houres before night.

*Thar.*

*A Comedie.*

*Thar.* Well brother, y<sup>e</sup> haue the most rare, admirable, vnmatchable wife, that euer suffer'd for the sinne of a husband. I cannot blame your confidence indeede now : 'tis built on such infallible ground ; *Lyus* I thinke be gone to call you to the rescue of her life ; why shee ! O incomprehensible !

*Lyfan.* I haue heard all related since my arriual, weele meet to morrow.

*Thar.* What hast brother ? But was it related with what vntollerable paines, I and my Mistris, her other friends, Matrones and Magistrates, labour'd her diuersion from that course ?

*Lyf.* Yes, yes. *Thar.* What streams of teares she powr'd out ; what tresses of her haire she tore ! and offer'd on your suppos'd herse ! *Lyf.* I haue heard all.

*Thar.* But aboue all ; how since that time, her eies neuer harbour'd winck of slumber, these sixe daies ; no nor tasted the least dramme of any sustenance.

*Lyf.* How is that assur'd ? *Thar.* Not a scruple.

*Lyf.* Are you sure there came no Souldier to her nor brought her victualls ? *Thar.* Souldier ? what Souldier ?

*Lyf.* Why some Souldier of the watch, that attends the executed bodies : well brother I am in hast ; to morrow shall supply this nights defect of conference ; Adieu. *Exit. Lyf.*

*Thar.* A Souldier ? of the watch ? bring her victualls ? Goe to brother I haue you in the winde ; hee's vnharrest of all his trauiailing accoutrements. I came directly from's house, no word of him there ; he knowes the whole relation ; hee's passionate : All collections speake he was the Souldier. What should be the riddle of this ? that he is stolne hether into a Souldiers disguise ? he should haue staid at Dipolis to receiue news from vs. Whether he suspected our relation ; or had not patience to expect it, or whether that furious, frantique capricious Deuill iealousie hath tost him hether on his hornes, I can not coniecture. But the case is cleare, hee's the Souldier. Sister, looke to your fame, your chafetie's vncouer'd. Are they here still ? here belceue it both most wofully weeping ouer the bottle. *He knocks.*

*Ero.* Who's there. *Thar.* *Tharsalio*, open.

*Ero.* Alas Sir, tis no boote to vexe your sister, and your selfe, she is desperate, & will not heare perswasion, she's very weak.



*The Widdowes Teares.*

*Thar.* Here's a true-bred chamber-maid. Alas, I am sorrie for't; I haue brought her meat and Candian wine to strengthen her.

*Ero.* O the very naming an't, will driue her into a swowne; good Sir forbearc.

*Thar.* Yet open sweet, that I may blesse mine eies with sight of her faire shrine; and of thy sweetest selfe (her famous Pandresse) open I say. Sister? you heare me well, paint not your Tomb without; wee know too well what rotten carcases are lodg'd within; open I say. *Ero* opens, and hee sees her head layd on the coffin, &c. Sister I haue brought you tidings to wake you out of this sleeping mummerie.

*Ero.* Alas shee's faint, and speech is painefull to her.

*Thar.* Well said stubber, was there no Souldier here lately?

*Ero.* A Souldier? when?

*Thar.* This night, last night, tother night; and I know not how many nights and daies. *Cyn.* Whose there?

*Ero.* Your brother Mistris, that asks if there were not a souldier here. *Cyn.* Here was no souldier.

*Ero.* Yes Mistris I thinke here was such a one though you tooke no heede of him. *Thar.* Goe to sister; did not you ioyne kisses, embraces, and plight indeede with him, the vtmost pledge of Nuptiall loue with him. Deni't, deni't; but first heare me a short storie. The Souldier was your disguis'd husband, dispute it not. That you see yonder, is but a shadow, an emptie chest containing nothing but aire. Stand not to gaze at it, tis true. This was a proiect of his owne contriuing to put your loialtie & constant vowes to the test; y'are warn'd; be arm'd.

*Exit.*

*Ero.* O fie a these perils. *Cyn.* O *Ero*! we are vndone.

*Ero.* Nay, you'd nere be warn'd; I euer wisht you to withstand the push of that Souldiers pike, and not enter him too deep into your bosom, but to keep sacred your widdowes vowes made to *Lysander*. *Cyn.* Thou did'st, thou did'st.

*Ero.* Now you may see th'euent. Well our safetic lies in our speed: heele doe vs mischiese, if we preuent not his comming. Lets to your Mothers: and there cal out your mightiest friends to guard you from his furie. Let them begin the quarrell with him for practising this villanie on your sexe to intrappe your frailties.

*Cyn.*

*Cyn.* Nay I resolute to sit out one brunt more ; to trie to what aime heele enforce his proiect : were he some other man , vnknowne to me, his violence might awe me ; but knowing him as I doe, I feare him not. Do thou but second me, thy strength and mine shall master his best force , if he should proue outrageous. Despaire they say makes cowardes turne couragious. Shut vp the Tomb.

*Shut the Tomb.*

*Enter one of the Souldiers sent out before to seeke the Sentinell.*

1. All paines are lost in hunting out this Souldier; his fear (adding wings to his heeles) out-goes vs as farre as the fresh Hare the tir'd hounds. Who goes there ? *Ent. 2. souldier another way*

2. A friend. 1. O, your successe and mine touching this Sentinell, tells, I suppose, one tale ; hee's farre enough I vnder take by this time. 2. I blame him not : the law's severe (though iust and can not be dispenc'd.)

1. Why should the lawes of Paphos, with more rigour, then other Citie lawes pursue offenders? that not appeas'd with their liues forfait, exact a iustice of them after death? And if a Souldier in his watch forsooth lose one of the dead bodies, he must die for't: It seems the State needed no souldiers when that was made a law. 2. So we may chide the fire for burning vs; or say the Bee's not good because she stings; Tis not the body the law respects, but the souldiers neglect ; when the watch (the guard and safetie of the Citie) is left abandon'd to all hazards.

But let him goe ; and tell me if your newes sort with mine, for *Lycus* ; apprehended they say, about *Lysanders* murder.

1. Tis true ; hee's at the Captaines lodge vnder guard, and tis my charge in the morning to vnclose the leaden coffin, and discover the bodie ; The Captaine will assay an old conclusion often approv'd ; that at the murderers sight the bloud reuiues againe, and boiles a fresh ; and euery wound has a condemning voice to crie out guiltie gainst the murderer.

2. O world, if this be true ; his dearest friend, his bed companion, whom of all his friends hee cull'd out for his bosome!

1. Tush man, in this topsie turvy world, friendship and bosome kindnes, are but made couers for mischief, meanes to compasse ill. Near-allied trust, is but a bridge for treason. The presumptions

*The Widdowes Teares.*

erie loud against him ; his answers found disiointed ; crosselegd tripping vp one another. He names a Town whether he brought *Lysander* murder'd by Mountainers, thats false, some of the dwellers haue been here, and all disclaim it. Besides, the wounds he bears in show, are such as shewes closely giue their husbands, that neuer bleede, and finde to be counterfeit.

2. O that iade fallhood is neuer sound of all ; but halts of one legge still. Truth pace is all vpright ; sound euery where. And like a die, sets euer on a square.

And how is *Lycus* his bearing in this condition ?

1. Faith (as the manner of such desperate offenders is till it come to the point) carelesse, & confident, laughing at all that seeme to pittie him. But leaue it to th'euent. Night fellow Souldier, youle not meet me in the morning at the Tomb, and lend me your hand to the vnrigging of *Lysanders* herse.

2. I care not if I do, to view heauens power in this vnbottomd seller. Bloud, though it sleep a time, yet neuer dies.

The Gods on murderers fixe reuengefull eies. *Exeunt.*

*Lysander solus with a crow of yron, and a halter which he laies downe and puts on his disguise againe.*

**C**ome my borrow'd disguise, let me once more

Be reconcild to thee, my trustiest friend ;

Thou that in truest shape hast let me see

That which my truer selfe hath hid from me,

Helpe me to take reuenge on a disguise,

Ten times more false and counterfeit then thou.

Thou, false in show, hast been most true to me ;

The seeming true ; hath prou'd more false then her.

Assist me to behold this act of lust,

Note with a Scene of strange impietie.

Her husbands murderd corse ! O more then horror !

Ile not beleeeue't vntri'd ; If shee but list

A hand to act it ; by the faces her braines flie out,

Since shee has madded me ; let her beware my hornes.

For though by goring her, no hope be showne

To cure my selfe, yet Ile not bleede alone. . . *He knocks.*

*Ere.* Who knocks ? *Lys.* The souldier ; open. *she opēs & he enters.*

See sweet, here are the engines that must doo't,

Which



Which with much feare of my discourie  
I haue at last procur'd.

Shall we about this worke? I feare the morne  
Will ouer-take's; my stay hath been prolong'd  
With hunting obscure nookes for these employments;  
The night prepares away; Come, art resolu'd.

*Cyn.* I, you shall finde me constant.

*Lys.* I, so I haue, most prodigiously constant;  
Here's a rare halter to hugge him with.

*Ero.* Better you and I ioyne our handes and beare him the-  
ther, you take his head.

*Cyn.* I, for that was alwaies heauier then's whole bodie besides

*Lys.* You can tell best that loded it.

*Ero.* Ile be at the feet; I am able to beare against you I war-  
rant you.

*Lys.* Hast thou prepar'd weake nature to digest

A sight so much distastfull; hast ser'd thy heart

I bleede not at the bloudie spectacle?

Hast arm'd thy fearefull eies against th'affront

Of such a direfull obiect?

Thy murther'd husband ghastly staring on thee;

His wounds gaping to affright thee; his bodie soild with

Gore? fore heauen my heart shruggs at it.

*Cyn.* So does not mine,

Loue's resolute; and stands not to consult

With pettie terrour; but in full carrier

Runnes blind-fold through an Armie of misdoubts,

And interposing feares; perhaps Ile weepe

Or so, make a forc't face and laugh againe.

*Lys.* O most valiant loue!

I was thinking with my selfe as I came; how if this

Brake to light; his bodie knowne;

(As many notes might make it) would it not fixe

Vpon thy fame, an vnremoued Brand

Of shame, and hate; they that in former times

Ador'd thy vertue; would they not abhorre

Thy lothest memorie? *Cyn.* All this I know.

But yet my loue to thee

*The Widdowes Teares.*

Swallowes all this; or whatsoeuer doubts  
Can come against it.

Shame's but a feather ballanc't with thy loue.

*Lys.* Neither feare nor shame? you are Steele toth'

Prooffe (but I shall yron you): Come then lets to worke.

Alas poore Corps how many martyrdomes

Must thou endure? mangl'd by me a villaine,

And now expos'd to foule shame of the Gibbet?

Fore, pietie, there is somewhat in me strives

Against the deede, my very arme relents

To strike a stroke so inhumane,

To wound a hallow'd herse? suppose twere mine,

Would not my Ghost start vp and flie vpon thee? *(the crow.*

*Cyn.* No, I'de maul it down againe with this. *She snatches vp*

*Lys.* How now? *He catches at her throat.*

*Cyn.* Nay, then Ile assay my strength; a Souldier and a raid  
of a dead man? A soft-r'ode milk-sop? come Ile doot my selfe.

*Lys.* And I looke on? giue me the yron.

*Cyn.* No, Ile not lose the glorie ant. This hand, &c.

*Lys.* Pray thee sweet, let it not bee said the sauage act was  
thine; deliuer me the engine.

*Cyn.* Content your selfe, tis in a fitter hand.

*Lys.* Wilt thou first? art not thou the most.

*Cyn.* Ill-destin'd wife of a transform'd monster;

Who to assure him selfe of what he knew,

Hath lost the shape of man. *Lys.* Ha? crosse-capers?

*Cyn.* Poore Souldiers case; doe not we know you Sir?

But I haue giuen thee what thou cam'st to seeke.

Goe *Satyre*, runne affrighted with the noise

Of that harsh sounding horne thy selfe hast blowne,

Farewell; I leaue thee there my Husbands Corps,

Make much of that.

*Exit, cum Er.*

*Lys.* What haue I done? O let me lie and grieue, and speake  
no more.

*Captaine, Lycus with a guard of three or foure  
Souldiers.*

*Cap.* **B**Rring him away; you must haue patience Sir: If you  
can say ought to quit you of those presumptions  
that

*A Comedie.*

that lie heauie on you, you shall be heard. If not, tis not your braues, nor your affecting lookes can carrie it.

We must acquite our duties.

*Lyc.* Y<sup>e</sup>are Capitaine ath' watch Sir.

*Cap.* You take me right.

*Lyc.* So were you best doe mee ; see your presumptions bee strong ; or be assured that shall proue a deare presumption, to brand me with the murder of my friend. But you haue beene suborn'd by some close villaine to defame me.

*Cap.* Twill not be so put off friend *Lycus*, I could wish your soule as free from taint of this foule fact ; as mine from any such vnworthy practise.

*Lyc.* Conduēt mee to the Gouvernour him selfe ; to confront before him your shallow accusations.

*Cap.* First Sir, Ile beare you to *Lyсандers* Tombe, to confront the murder'd body ; and see what euidence the wounds will yeeld against you.

*Lyc.* Y<sup>e</sup>are wise Capitaine. But if the bodie should chance not to speake ; If the wounds should bee tongue-tied Capitaine ; where's then your euidence Capitaine ? will you not be laugh'd at for an officious Capitaine ?

*Cap.* Y<sup>e</sup>are gallant Sir.

*Lyc.* Your Captainship commands my seruice no further.

*Cap.* Well Sir, perhaps I may, if this conclusion take not ; weeletrie what operation lies in torture, to pull confession from you.

*Lyc.* Say you so Capitaine ? but hearke you Capitaine, Might it not concurre with the qualitie of your office, ere this matter grow to the height of a more threatening danger ; to wink a little at a by-slip, or so ? *Cap.* How's that ?

*Lyc.* To send a man abroad vnder guard of one of your filiest shack-rags ; that he may beate the knaue, and run's way. I meane this on good termes Capitaine ; Ile be thankfull.

*Cap.* Ile thinke ont hereafter. Meane time I haue other employment for you.

*Lyc.* Your place is worthily replenisht Capitaine. My dutie Sir ; Hearke Capitaine, there's a mutinie in your Armie ; Ile go raise the Gouvernour.

*Exiturus.*

*Cap.*



*The Widdowes Teares.*

*Cap.* No hast Sir; heele soone be here without your summons.  
*Souldiers thrust vp Lysander from the Tomb.*

1. Bring forth the Knight ath' Tomb; haue we met with you Sir? *Lys.* Pray thee souldier vse thine office with better temper. 2. Come conuay him to the Lord Gouvernour, First afore the Captaine Sir. Haue the heauens nought else to doe, but to stand still, and turne all their malignant Aspects vpon one man?

2. Captaine here's the Sentinell wee sought for; hee's some new prest Souldier, for none of vs know him.

*Cap.* Where found you him?

1. My truant was mich't Sir into a blind corner of the Tomb.

*Cap.* Well said, guard him safe, bur for the Corps.

1. For the Corps Sir? bare misprision, there's no bodie, nothing. A meere blandation; a *deceptio visus*. Vnlesse this souldier for hunger haue eate vp *Lysanders* bodie.

*Lyc.* Why, I could haue told you this before Captaine; The body was borne away peece-meale by deuout Ladies of *Venus* order, for the man died one of *Venus* Martyrs. And yet I heard since 'twas scene whole at the other side the downes vpon a Colestafe betwixt two huntsmen, to feede their dogges withall. Which was a miracle Captaine.

*Cap.* Mischiefe in this act hath a deepe bottom; and requires more time to found it. But you Sir, it seemes, are a Souldier of the newest stamp. Know you what tis to forsake your stand? There's one of the bodies in your charge stolne away; how answere you that? See here comes the Gouvernour.

*Enter a Guard bare after the Gouvernour: Tharsalio, Argus, Clinias, before Endora, Cynthia, Laodice, Sthenio, Ianthe, Ero, &c.*

*Guard.* Stand aside there.

*Cap.* **S**Roome for a strange Gouvernour. The perfect draught of a most brainelesse, imperious vpsstart. O desert! where wert thou, when this wooden dagger was guilded ouer with the Title of Gouvernour?

*Guard.* Peace Masters; heare my Lord.

*Thar.* All wisdome be silent; Now speakes Authoritie.

*Gouer.* I am come in person to discharge Iustice.

*Thar.*

*A Comedie.*

*Thar.* Of his office.

*Gouer.* The cause you shall know hereafter; and it is this. A villaine, whose very sight I abhorre; where is he? Let mee see him.

*Cap.* Is't *Lycus* you meane my Lord?

*Gouer.* Goe to sirrha y'are too malipert; I haue heard of your Sentinells escape; looke too'r.

*Cap.* My Lord, this is the Sentinell you speake of.

*Gouer.* How now Sir? what time a day ist?

*Arg.* I can not shew you precisely, ant please your Honour.

*Gouer.* What? shall we haue replications? Reioinders?

*Thar.* Such a creature, Foole is, when hee bestrides the back of Authoritie.

*Gouer.* Sirrha, stand you forth. It is supposed thou hast committed a most inconuenient murther vpon the body of *Lysander*.

*Lyc.* My good Lord, I haue not.

*Gouer.* Peace varlet; dost chop with me? I say it is imagined thou hast murther'd *Lysander*. How it will be prou'd I know not. Thou shalt therefore presently bee had to execution, as iustice in such cases requireth. Souldiers take him away: bring forth the Sentinell.

*Lyc.* Your Lordship will first let my defence be heard.

*Gouer.* Sirrha; Ile no sending nor prouing. For my part I am satisfied, it is so: thats enough for thee. I had euer a Sympathy in my minde against him.

Let him be had away.

*Thar.* A most excellent apprehension. Hee's able yee see to iudge of a cause at first sight, and heare but two parties. Here's a second *Solon*.

*End.* Heare him my Lord; presumptions oftentimes, (Though likely grounded) reach not to the truth.

And Truth is oft abus'd by likelihood.

Let him be heard my Lord.

*Gouer.* Madam, content your selfe. I will doe iustice; I will not heare him. Your late Lord, was my Honourable Predecessour: But your Ladiship must pardon me. In matters of iustice I am blinde.

*The widdowes Teares.*

*Thar.* Thats true.

*Gouer.* I know no persons. If a Court fauourite write to mee in a case of iustice : I will pocket his letter , and proceede. If a Suiter in a case of iustice thrusts a bribe into my hand, I will pocket his bribe, and proceede. Therefore Madam, set your heart at rest : I am seated in the Throne of iustice ; and I will doe iustice ; I will not heare him.

*End.* Not heare him my Lord?

*Gouer.* No my Ladie:and moreouer put you in mind, in whose presence you stand ; if you Parrat to me long ; goe to.

*Thar.* Nay the Vice must snap his Authoritie at all he meetes, how shalt else be knowne what part he plaies ?

*Gouer.* Your husband was a Noble Gentleman, but Alas hee came short , hee was no Statesinan. Hee has left a foule Citie behinde him.

*Thar.* I, and I can tell you twill trouble his Lordship and all his Honorable assistants of Scauingers to sweepe it cleane.

*Gouer.* It's full of vices, and great ones too.

*Thar.* And thou none of the meanest.

*Gouer.* But Ile turne all topsie turuie ; and set vp a new discipline amongst you. Ile cut of all perisht members.

*Thar.* Thats the Surgeons office.

*Gouer.* Cast out these rotten stinking carcases for infecting the whole Citie.

*Arg.* Rotten they may be , but their wenches vse to pepper them ; and their Surgeons to perboile them ; and that preserues them from stinking, ant please your Honour.

*Gouer.* Peace Sirrha, peace ; and yet tis well said too. A good pregnant fellow ysfaith. But to proceede. I will spew drunkenness out ath' Citie.

*Thar.* Into th' Countrie.

*Gouer.* Shifters shall cheate and sterue ; And no man shall doe good but where there is no neede. Braggarts shall liue at the head ; and the tumult that hant Tauernes. Asses shall beare good qualities, and wise men shall vse them. I will whip lecherie out ath' Citie, there shall be no more Cuckolds. They that heretofore were errand Cornutos, shall now be honest shop-keepers, and iustice shall take place. I will hunt ielousie out



out of my Dominion.

*Thar.* Doe heare Brother?

*Goner.* It shall be the only note of loue to the husband, to loue the wife: And none shall be more kindly welcome to him then he that cuckolds him.

*Thar.* Beleeue it a wholsome reformation.

*Goner.* Ile haue no more Beggars. Fooles shall haue wealth, and the learned shall liue by their wits. Ile haue no more Banckrouts. They that owe money shall pay it at their best leisure: And the rest shall make a vertue of imprisonment; and their wiues shall helpe to pay their debts. Ile haue all yong widdowes spaded for marrying againe. For the old and wither'd, they shall be confiscate to vnthristie Gallants, and decay'd Knights. If they bee poore they shall bee burnt to make sope ashes, or giuen to Surgeons Hall, to bee stamp't to salue for the French mesells. To conclude, I will Cart pride out ath' Towne.

*Arg.* Ant please your Honour Pride ant be nere so beggarly will looke for a Coch.

*Goner.* Well said a mine Honour. A good significant fellow ysaieth: What is he? he talkes much; does he follow your Ladiship?

*Arg.* No ant please your Honour, I goe before her.

*Goner.* A good vndertaking presence; A well-promising fore head, your Gentleman Vsher Madam?

*End.* Yours if you please my Lord.

*Goner.* Borne ith' Citie?

*Arg.* I ant please your Honour, but begot ith' Court.

*Goner.* Tressellegg'd?

*Arg.* I, ant please your Honour.

*Goner.* The better, it beares a bredth; makes roome a both sides. Might I not see his pace?

*Argus stalkes.*

*Arg.* Yes ant please your Honour.

*Goner.* Tis well, tis very well. Giue me thy hand: Madame I will accept this propertie at your hand, and wil weare it thredbare for your sake. Fall in there, sirrha. And for the matter of *Lycus* Madam, I must tell you, you are shallow: there's a State point in't? hearken you: The Viceroy has giuen him, and

*The Widdowes Teares.*

wee must vphold correspondence. Hee must walke; say one man goes wrongfully out ath' world, there are hundreds to one come wrongfully into th' world.

*End.* Your Lordship will giue me but a word in priuate.

*Thar.* Come brother; we know you well: what meanes this habite? why staid you not at Diopolis as you resolu'd, to take aduertisement for vs of your wiues bearing?

*Lys.* O brother, this iealous phrensie has borne mee headlong to ruine.

*Thar.* Go to, be comforted; vncase your selfe; and discharge your friend.

*Gouer.* Is that *Lysander* say you? And is all his storie true?

Berladie Madam this iealousie will cost him deare: he vnder-tooke the person of a Souldier; and as a Souldier must haue iustice. Madam, his Altitude in this case can not dispence. *Lycus*, this Souldier hath acquitted you.

*Thar.* And that acquitall Ile for him require; the body lost, is by this time restor'd to his place.

*Soul.* It is my Lord.

*Thar.* These are State-points, in which your Lordships time has not yet train'd your Lordship; please your Lordship to grace a Nuptiall we haue now in hand.

*Hylus and Laodice stand together.*

Twixt this yong Ladie and this Gentleman.

Your Lordship there shall heare the ample storie.

And how the Asse wrapt in a Lyons skin

Fearfully rord; but his large eares appeard.

And made him laught at, that before was feard.

*Gouer.* Ile goe with you. For my part, I am at a non plus.

*Endora whispers with Cynthia.*

*Thar.* Come brother; Thanke the Countesse: shee hath sweet to make your peace. Sister giue me your hand.

So; Brother let your lips compound the strife,  
And thinke you haue the only constant Wife.

*Exeunt.*

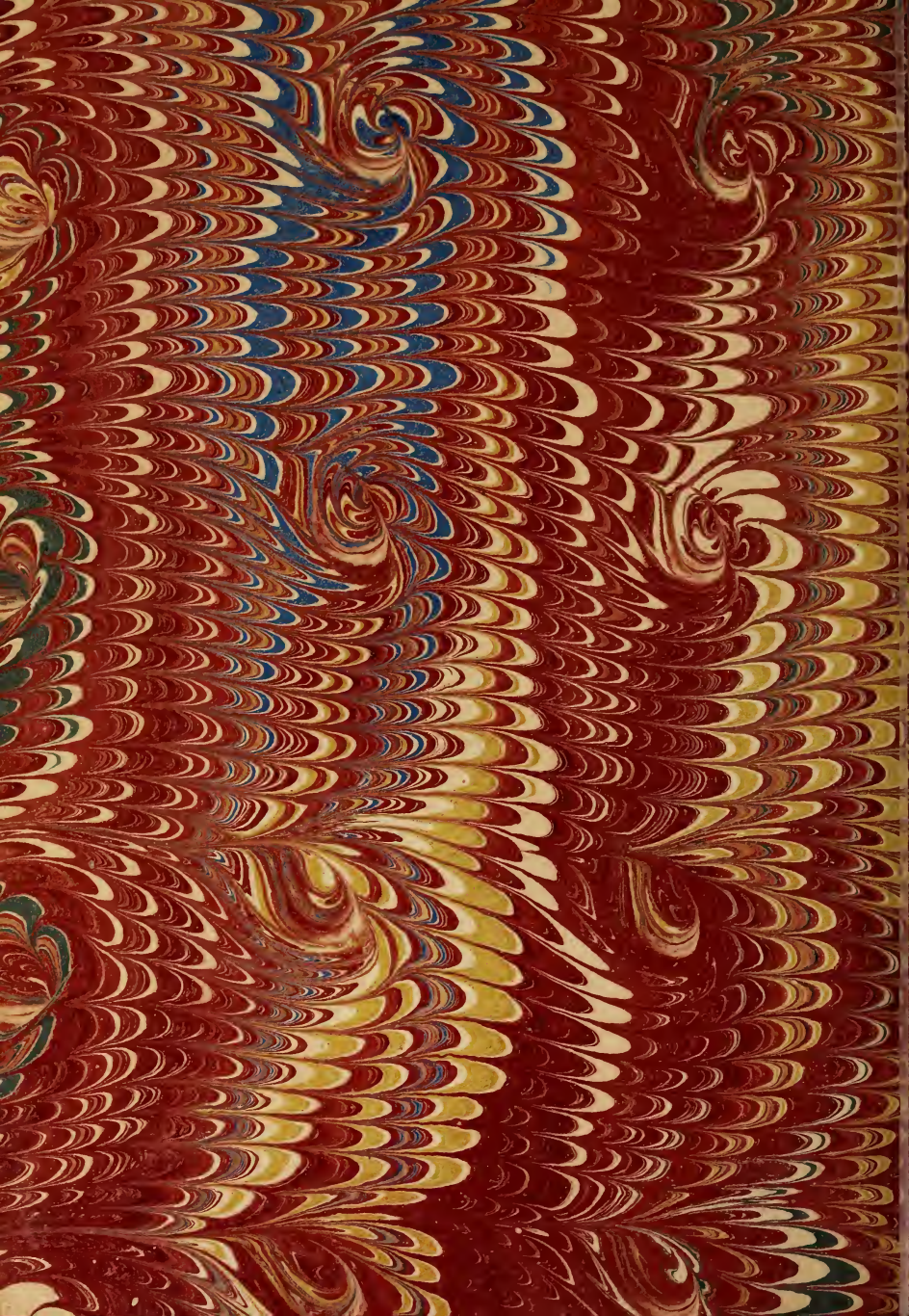
*FINIS.*













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